

# TRUSLER'S POEMS

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# POEMS

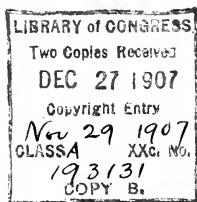
OF

THOMAS J. TRUSLER

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INDIANAPOLIS  
THOMAS J. TRUSLER  
1907

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THOMAS J. TRUSLER





## Dedication

*To Whom it may Concern,  
We dedicate this Book;  
And trust no harm will come  
To those who through it look;  
Rather the hope indulge,  
If not sublime its rhymes,  
Each reader, somewhere, may  
Find worth within its lines.*

—THE AUTHOR



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# TRUSLER'S POEMS

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## ONWARD, UPWARD

Onward, Upward, be thy motto,  
In the stirring scenes of life;  
Let each day see thee a victor,  
In an onward, upward strife.

Never falter; be determined,  
In the forward movement press;  
They, who ever persevering,  
Are rewarded with success.

Honest be in all thy dealings;  
To thyself be always true;  
In the right there is no failure,  
If you but that course pursue.

If temptations should allure you,  
That to do which is not right,  
Be a hero; spurn the tempter  
To an ignominious flight.

Each success a stimulation,  
Nerves you for the tasks before ;  
Gives you courage in life's conflicts,  
Strengthens you the more and more.

High your aim—be thou no laggard,  
In the race the goal to reach ;  
Rest assured, for those in earnest,  
In such race a prize for each.

Life's a battle ; be a soldier  
Battling, always for the right ;  
Brave and faithful in your warfare,  
You shall surely win the fight.

## LIFE, MYSTERIOUS LIFE

Life, mysterious Life, where art thou now?  
In flesh and blood thou once did stand,  
In framework moulded into form and shape  
Of animated beauty and command.

As Infant, thy appearance first didst make  
This earth upon, its brightest beings one;  
And for century half, and more, didst move  
Among thy fellow-men, an honored son.

Then, suddenly, thou died—so it was said—  
Thy earthly tabernacle here forsook;  
And, as thy lifeless body lie in state,  
Mourners many on its pale visage look.

Where now, silent, expressless, tongueless mouth,  
Dumb as the speechless stones—now voice withheld;  
In breathless silence, then, in loud applause,  
A silver tongue thousands entranced has held.

In living; manly form, in mould divine,  
Thou for decades lived earth's scenes among;  
Then, suddenly exit, thy departure took,  
In form, for where, unobserved by none.

Departed, thy earthly habilament,  
Lifeless, perishes, falls into decay;  
And, for but a time of duration short,  
Marks site of life departed, passed away.

Where, now, those vacant, barren caverns two,  
The brightest eyes there flashed and gleamed  
From out their portals—windows of the soul—  
Life, departed life, there once beamed.

Through those tiny orifices in thy skull,  
Thou heardest the voices, harmonies of earth;  
And thy nasal cavities were filled  
With perfumes and life, until death, from birth.

Those extremities, of thy once fair form,  
Each were once the seat of the finest touch;  
Now, nude of flesh, dangling bones, no longer,  
As sensitive monitors, serve as such.

Where, once the seat of taste, the sweetest fruit,  
Or bitterest herb, now, would tasteless be;  
For life has been swallowed up in death,  
For fruit eaten of the Forbidden Tree.

Life, departed Life, where art thou now?  
In what condition, state, since body left?  
Art thou now conscious, in existence still,  
Since to thy many friends of earth bereft?

We would communication hold with thee:

To what realm in space—to what world afar,  
Of the many spheres which encircle there,  
Shall we our faces turn—towards which star?

Unsatisfied our far-reaching wish;

From illimitable space no reply;  
But, doubtless, all will be to us revealed,  
When we shall, as surely as thou didst, die.

## OUR COUNTRY, U. S. A.

Our country best of all the lands  
Beneath the circuit of the sun;  
Where will you find a land so blest,  
By lavish Nature, as this one?

A land of valleys rich and fair,  
And plains which far and wide extend;  
With hills and mountains here and there  
That to the view enchantment lend.

A land of forests, fruits and vines,  
And herbage green by silver streams;  
With fields of waving, growing grain  
That ripen 'neath bright, sunny beams.

Broad lakes embosomed in its soil,  
Where ships of commerce float and sail;  
A harvest land, so rich and great,  
Unknown a famine to prevail.

Its mountains filled with precious ores,  
Its surface near a wealth of mines;  
While flowing fuel, stored away,  
Through flowing wells its exit finds.

Somewhere, within its broad domains,  
Always prevails a summer clime,  
Where feathered songsters sing their lays,  
Where blooming flowers all the time.

Its shores by waves of oceans laved;  
The skies above are clear and bright;  
Its air is pure; where'er one looks,  
The view is pleasing to the sight.

A land of freedom for all men;  
No serfs or slaves its flag beneath;  
Its people, should a foe arise,  
Would, for that foe, the sword unsheath.

By nation great, peopled this land,  
The greatest of all nations great;  
Destined the human race to lead  
To noblest, highest, best estate.

## AUTUMN TIME

I love alone to steal away  
In Autumn time, on some calm day,  
Near woods to be, while falling leaves  
Drop silently from shedding trees;  
There, in the balmy air to stay,  
Musing, throughout the dreamy day,  
In golden sunbeams mellowed by  
A hazy atmosphere in sky;  
With fountain flowing at my feet,  
That ever rises up to greet  
The lips of thirsty, one and all,  
Who there on bended knee would fall;  
A feeling so enraptures me;  
Inexpressible ecstasy;  
Seems fortaste of eternal rest,  
With which my soul longs to be blest.



## CONTENTMENT

Give me sweet peace, content and rest,  
From sordid longings free;  
The mind and body in repose,  
While grasping, cannot be;

Better that man on earth should live  
Content with little blest,  
Than struggle worldly wealth to gain  
Through life of great unrest.

Give me of land, no greater scope,  
O'er which landlord to be,  
Than I can hold, as free from debt,  
As air is free to free;

Better few acres, free from debt,  
In peace and content own,  
Than debtor be for vast estate,  
With heavy burdens groan.

Give me the peace and quietude  
Of independent life,  
No one I owe but I can pay,  
Free from financial strife;

Better to live an humble life,  
In cottage all one's own,  
Than be a slave in palace grand,  
Or footstool of a throne.

Give me a conscience free from fault ;  
The Christian's faith be mine ;  
The hope that through eternal years,  
I'll live with Him, Divine ;

Better a Christian here to live,  
Poor—hereafter crowned—  
Than live a worldling great and grand—  
Hopeless in death be found.

## WHEN THIS COUNTRY WAS NEW

O, the times, the good times, when this country was  
new ;

When most men were farmers, when of drones there  
were few ;

Ere the forests were felled, and great cities there  
grown,

When cabins the dwellings, fine mansions unknown.

Then, with finest of game, the great forests were thick,  
And with fish all alive every river and creek ;

Then, neighbors were neighbors, to each other as true  
As the magnet to pole, when this country was new.

O, the times, the good times, in those pioneer days,  
When, through the dense forests, men hewed out  
highways ;

Then, neighbors helped neighbors their forests to clear,

Then, the latch strings were out, and no rascals to  
fear ;

Then, the worth of a man was not wealth which he  
had,

But, as a man acted, was esteemed good or bad ;

Then, with a man's standing, wealth had little to do ;

The poor good as the rich, when this country was new.

O, the times, the good times, in the backwoods enjoyed,  
By woodsmen, by farmers, by all there employed ;  
Then, men, in their dealings were honest and fair,  
Each other could trust, as if they all brothers were ;  
Then, a scoundrel well knew, if found out such to be,  
That he was abhorred, as all rascals should be ;  
Then, men to each other and their country as true,  
As Jonathan to David, when this country was new.

O, the times, the good times, in long years ago had  
Among the old settlers, in their home-spun suits clad ;  
In those merry old times, in those log-rolling days,  
When the corn husking bees were the theater plays ;  
Then, amusements, well nigh, were from wrong and  
    sin free ;  
And all people seemed true to each other to be ;  
Then, the needs of a man were not many, but few,  
In those halcyon days, when this country was new.

O, the times, the good times, when those now old were  
    young ;  
Then, the mothers and daughters, themselves all  
    among,  
Had respect for each one of true merit and worth,  
Regardless of riches, or of high or low birth,  
Then, woman, unfettered by vain fashions of now,  
Her sphere filled as well as man his at the plow ;

Some useful vocation she was wont to pursue,  
In "Days of Auld-Lang Syne"—when this country  
was new.

O, the times, the good times, when in the old fireplace  
The fire burned brightly and shone into each face  
Of family there gathered in half circle before  
The hearthstone of sweet home in the cabin of yore;  
Then, all were content, so same-like, and so free  
From men's faults of these days, which we now often  
see,

As to cause one to wish that men more like would do  
As they did in the days when this country was new.

## NIAGARA

Great Niagara! In unceasing flow,  
Thy angry waters lash obstructing rocks;  
In constant rush to cataract below,  
Thy waves, in thousands, dash in foaming flocks.  
From verge of rocky precipice, on high,  
Thy flowing torrents, there, forever pour.  
And clouds of mist, above, forever fly—  
Thy dashing, pouring waters ever roar.  
From watery abyss, thy falls below,  
Waves, restless, ever leap and bound on high  
And hiss and boil, and in their madness throw  
Their foam of ceaseless rage toward the sky.  
Niagara, once the eye has gazed on thee,  
Thou wilt always be held in memory.

## STRONG DRINK

Thou evil spirit, curse of human kind,  
We look abroad, and far and near we find  
Wreck and ruin, by thy influence wrought—  
Unto destruction, tens of thousands brought;  
By thy fell spirit, households broken up;  
To overflowing filled life's bitter cup;  
With wreckage, life's pathway strewn along,  
There thy victims reeling in drunken throng.  
Poverty, distress, sin and every crime,  
Widows and orphans, in unending line,  
Ever mark thy broad, weird, destructive flow;  
Thousands, there, to their destruction, of thee drink;  
And, heedless, on eternal ruin's brink,  
Reel headlong into the abyss of woe.

## THE ONCE FOOLISH FATHER

A man of three-score years and ten,  
Bereft of faithful wife,  
Was lonely in once cheerful home,  
In closing days of life;  
He plenty had of this world's wealth—  
Had sons and daughters, too,  
In whom he had great confidence,  
Believed them good and true.  
He called his children to his side,  
And unto them he said:  
“My pilgrimage upon this earth  
Near to the grave has led;  
I now desire, unto you all,  
My possessions to bestow—  
My few remaining days of life  
Would with you spend below.”  
The children, each, to father said,  
“You make our house your home,  
Long may you live, have our kind care,  
What's ours be as your own.”  
The father to his children gave  
The savings of his life;  
But soon he found their love grew cold—  
To shun him was their strife.



Each one thought their father stayed  
Too long in their abode,  
And that unto some other house,  
He should be upon the road.  
And so he went from house to house  
Of faithless children, mean,  
Who never made him welcome once,  
But loved him best, unseen.  
The tottering pilgrim, foolish once,  
Once more was also wise,  
He knew that men of sordid hearts  
Have, also, craving eyes.  
He went to smith of village near,  
Strong iron box had made,  
With lock and key to fasten it,  
When treasure in it laid.  
The iron box was known of all,  
For miles the village 'round—  
The heartless children saw it, too,  
In wonder stood around.  
When the smith had finished it,  
The old man took the same,  
Safely sealed, then to a bank  
With iron box he came ;  
“You place this box inside your vault,”  
He there unto them said—

“The seal thereon, there to remain,  
Until the owner's dead;  
When I am dead and in my grave,  
Then look the box inside;  
You'll find my written will therein,  
How the treasure to divide.”  
From that time on, his children, all,  
To their father, very kind,  
Each him begged to stay with them,  
Nor home elsewhere to find.  
Not long those children had to wait  
That seal of box to break;  
To open up its iron lid—  
Thereout the treasure take.  
The father died, their grief was great  
(To sympathizing friends);  
He in the open grave was laid,  
Where this life's journey ends.  
From grave they came straight to the bank,  
These children of the dead,  
The seal of box they open broke:  
Now let the will be read:  
“My children, to you each and all,  
A penny I do give.  
'Tis all the worldly wealth I have,  
Since I went with you to live;

The mallet, which you find in box,  
Should be used upon each head  
Of those, would all to children give,  
Before the giver's dead.  
"Your once foolish father, I. B."

---

## WE MISS THEE, MOTHER

Thou art gone, O our Mother dear,  
To better world than this on high!  
In sorrow deep we linger here,  
We miss thee, Mother, for thee cry.

We miss thy kind and gentle words;  
We miss thy watchful, tender care;  
We miss thy songs, sweeter than birds';  
We miss thee, Mother, miss thy prayer.

We miss thee, Mother, in the morn;  
We miss thy sweet and lovely face;  
We miss thee, since to heaven borne;  
We miss thy loving, kind embrace.

We miss thee, Mother, through the day;  
We miss thee, each and every hour;  
We miss thee, linger where we may;  
We miss thy magic, loving power.

We miss thee, Mother, when 'tis night;  
We miss thee when 'tis dark and still;  
We miss thee from our loving sight;  
We miss thee, tears our eyes they fill.

We miss thy kind and loving look;  
We miss thy bright and sparkling eyes;  
We miss thy hand which our hand took,  
And led us upward toward the skies.

We miss thee, Mother, light of home;  
We miss thee, Mother, Mother dear;  
We miss thee, O, 'tis all so lone!  
Will always miss thee, Mother, here.

## ADDRESS TO A MUMMY

Thou Representative of a long lost art,  
We gaze at thee and wonder who thou art!  
Whether thou wast nobleman, slave or free—  
For ought we know dead king, whom now we see.  
Thou lived three thousand years ago, and more,  
Down in old Egypt, on river Nile's shore;  
Perhaps thou saw old Cheops skyward rise,  
And saw the king whose dust in Cheops lies.  
Those eyes, forsooth, upon the Sphynx have gazed.  
Thy hands helped the Pyramids to raise;  
Through Thebes, with her one hunderd gates have  
trod,  
And with thy head paid her ruler nod.  
Wast thou a man of righteousness or sin?  
How long ago since life you did begin?  
What was your age? When and where did you die?  
What mourners there, when cold in death you lie?  
What process, by which you so long have stayed,  
Before in tomb your body had been laid?  
Tell us this long lost secret, ere we go,  
The wisest of our wise would like to know.  
How, through the centuries, since there you died,  
You now are here with us, we at your side?

Here thou art, we see thee centuries old,  
Preserved in form and shape of human mould!  
The great Sphynx, itself, though carved in stone,  
Ravages of time have not left alone;  
The storms and heat of Egypt's desert sands  
Almost worn its face away, where it stands;  
Thy country's great, stony Pyramids, all  
Are wasting, crumbling to their final fall.  
Since thou, in Egypt born, lived and died;  
Egypt many different rulers tried;  
The winds their dust scattered far and wide;  
Who knows where or how identified?  
Kingdom after kingdom rose and fell,  
Since soul in thy body ceased to dwell;  
Earth been filled with hecatombs of dead,  
Their bodies lost in dust—worms upon them fed;  
But here thou art, well in form preserved,  
Thy face, features, they may be observed;  
And for ought we know, they may still so stay,  
From now until Resurrection Day.

Here, while we before thee, now,  
Tell us, Mummy, who wast thou?  
When and where did you once live?  
Of your life, account please give.  
You lived so long ago,  
Of those times would like to know.  
Tell us something of the Nile,

With life's stories us beguile.  
Tell us of your childhood life ;  
Was it one of peace or strife?  
When you man had grown to be,  
Were you slave, or were you free?  
Were you king—a ruler fair—  
Or did you despot's burdens bear?  
Did with joy in Egypt sing?  
Or did tasks you sorrow bring?  
Did you ever have sweetheart,  
Of your life to share a part ;  
In your joys and sorrows, too—  
Always faithful unto you?  
Did sweet children ever cling  
Around your neck—you joy bring?  
Pat thy cheeks with little hand?  
Kiss thy lips in Egypt land?  
Did true God or idols praise,  
Voice and hands to heaven raise?  
Look for coming of God's Son,  
Ere to earth He yet had come?  
Didst thou down in Egypt die,  
A worshiper of God on high?  
Mummy, why doest thou not tell  
Of those things thou once knew well?  
Perhaps in long sleep forgot,  
No longer remember not !

Mummy, you seem still to sleep,  
Your eyes closed in slumber deep!  
No parting of lips we see;  
Ages since thy soul left thee!  
Sleep on, Mummy, in thy clay,  
Until Resurrection Day!  
Then, perhaps, account will give  
Of life, when on earth didst live.

---

### A FALSE DREAM

Billy Harrell, my bench schoolmate,  
I had a dream of you:  
I dreamed that we together sat,  
Just as we used to do;  
Upon the same old slab for seat,  
Close to each other's side,  
In old school house by country road,  
There by affection tied.

The hum of scholars filled my ears,  
As conning lessons o'er;  
The same old master teaching there,  
As he us taught of yore;  
The same schoolmates of boys and girls,  
There, on the benches were,  
Just as I saw them, long ago,  
When you and I sat there.



I saw the forest great and grand,  
Which winding road led through;  
The grapevine swing on bough of tree,  
Where oft I swung with you.  
I heard again the babbling brook  
That flowed by school house hill—  
Heard songs of birds that used to sing  
To you, and to me, Bill.

I heard your laugh and happy shout,  
As you in play took part;  
I drank again with you at spring,  
And joyous was my heart;  
But, when I my thirst had quenched,  
Suddenly, I awoke;  
O, Billy Harrell! that false dream,  
My heart it nearly broke.

## OPTIMISM

Optimists think what is, is for the best ;  
That, in the economy of nature,  
For the good of each and every creature,  
By all events the creature will be blest.  
That somehow, by some power, in some way,  
Though mysterious and unknown to man,  
Happenings to him, in life's narrow span,  
For best are ordered, day after day.  
Whether this optimistic creed, false or true,  
Believed or not, by many or by few,  
No doubt, but He, Who sits on throne above,  
And rules the world in justice and in love,  
Can, in His omnipotence, when He would,  
Overrule all evil done, for some good.

## PESSIMISM

The Pessimist, in all things, evil sees ;  
To him, the shining sun will be obscured ;  
Ever coming storms are to be endured ;  
The seasons in their circuit fail to please.  
The present times are ever out of joint ;  
The future with many an evil fraught ;  
Prospective good will all be turned to naught ;  
To failure and disaster, all signs point.  
As he would do, by others nothing done,  
Faults and defects of men, his constant theme ;  
From what he thinks and says, would always seem  
That nothing right is done beneath the sun ;  
By his distorted mind, mistrustful eye,  
Pessimistic man can no good descry.

## SAM RATTLE

Sam Rattle was an honest man,  
A good, but poor man, was he;  
He loved a girl, whose name was Jane,  
And a lovely girl was she.

One day they took a stroll to see  
The wave-tossed ships sail in;  
The father saw his girl with Sam—  
Then, grave trouble did begin.

He sought to catch this humble man,  
Had a rawhide in his hand;  
But Sam was not of running stock,  
So by Jane he took his stand.

“Come on,” said Sam, “with that rawhide,  
With it try me to slaughter,  
I’ll stand close by the side of Jane,  
My wife shall be your daughter!”

The angry father roared with rage,  
His girl kept close to Rattle,  
Who, proud and brave as he was true,  
Stood close by Jane for battle.

"My daughter, you shall not Sam wed,"  
The angry father cried;  
At which the daughter, pretty girl,  
Nearer got to Rattle's side.

"Rattle, you are a poor man's son,  
Jane is my only daughter;  
Some million dollars I am worth,  
A rich man's son shall wed her!"

Then spoke the loving girl to Sam  
(He ready there for battle);  
"I want to wed no rich man's son,  
I just want you, Sam Rattle."

"I'll disinherit you, my girl,  
If you ever this man wed;  
And not a dollar shall you have!"  
Her mad father to her said.

Then daughter said to father there,  
"You keep all your shining gold;  
This man to me is much more worth,  
Than your millions, forty fold."

Then, with her Sam, the daughter left  
Her proud and angry father—  
"No more your girl, beneath your roof,"  
Said his departing daughter.

"Come back! Come back!" the father cried,  
"No use to try to baffle;  
Nothing but death can true love thwart—  
Jane, you may be a Rattle."

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### THE PREACHER

The Preacher, from the sacred desk,  
His flock him there before;  
From Bible, "Book of all Books best,"  
Preaches to rich and poor.

He supplicates the Throne of Grace,  
Gives thanks for mercies shown;  
Forgiveness for poor sinners asks,  
For sake of Son, God's own.

He spreads his hands out to the Lord,  
Whose throne is heaven high,  
And prays the Lord dear souls to save,  
Nor let poor sinners die.

He speaks of how, our parents first,  
The tempter did deceive;  
Who knew no sin till serpent vile  
Beguiled our Mother Eve.

How they were from Eden driven,  
To toil, to suffer, sigh,  
For eating of forbidden fruit,  
Condemned for it to die.

How God great pity took on man,  
In his lost, ruined state ;  
And gave His Son to die for him—  
Jesus, Immaculate.

He warns his flock from sin to flee ;  
In righteousness to live ;  
And tells men that a God of love,  
In mercy will forgive.

He points to world beyond the tomb,  
When this brief life is o'er,  
Where those who here as Christians live,  
Shall live and die no more.

The Preacher, if he is sincere—  
If he true Christian is—  
A Christian's life he here will live,  
A crown eternal his.

## WINTER IS COMING

Woodpeckers are pecking dead limbs of trees,  
Storehouses making for winter supplies ;  
Sipping fruit nectar for hives are the bees ;  
Robins are flocking for sunnier skies.  
Fishes in schools, together collecting ;  
The katydid wings its ka-ty-did song ;  
Whippoorwills pipe from o'erhead while on wing,  
Shorter and shorter the days grow less long.  
Leaves on the trees have been fired by frost,  
From green, have turned brown, are withered and  
dry ;  
The fruit and the nuts, their anchorage lost,  
In scattered profusion on the ground lie.  
Winter is coming with its snow and its sleet ;  
Flowers lie withered and dead at our feet.



## MOTHER'S GRAVE

Recollections crowd the retentive mind,  
As we stand by this spot of Mother Earth—  
Here is the dust of her who gave us birth.  
Mother! No other friend like her we find.  
O, the tender care, ever watchful eye,  
The sympathizing tear, the loving kiss,  
We well remember—now we sorely miss,  
Of her departed, whose remains here lie.  
We would not call her back to pain and grief,  
But things we oftentimes done that gave her pain,  
If we could but live our life o'er again,  
To please Mother, would be our aim in chief.  
But she forgave all, O, Lord forgive Thou me,  
That where the Saints, I may with Mother be!

## THE LIBERTY BELL

A Nation born, its birth rung out by thee,  
To be a people great, enlightened, free ;  
Free from despotic rule, Oppression's heel ;  
Thy tongue to world announced, peal on peal,  
Thy ringing voice was heard the land throughout,  
And filled the throats of men with Freedom's shout ;  
With love of liberty their hearts inflamed,  
As Independence Day thy voice proclaimed.  
From fields and forests, from all walks of life,  
The patriots gathered at thy call to strife,  
And fought in union, as if all were one,  
Till freedom's battle fought, its victory won.  
And now, though thou long since ceased to ring,  
Lovers of freedom with affection cling  
To thee, the Bell of Bells that first rang out  
Freedom! Freedom for men the land throughout.

## INDEPENDENCE DAY

Natal day of Liberty is here!

Ring! Ring the bells! ring them the land through-  
out!

Let freemen, everywhere, for freedom shout  
On this, the day of reminiscence dear!

Let voice of cannon thundering be heard!

Let martial music every soul inspire!

This is the day that patriots desire  
To celebrate with love of freedom stirred.

The Flag, the Starry Flag, unfurl above!

O'er cities, hamlets, dwellings let it wave;

Banner of a people loyal, true and brave,

On this, the day we love, because we freedom love;

Independence Day—day of jubilee—

Natal Day of American Liberty!

## NATAL DAY OF OUR NATION'S BIRTH

Unfurl the Flag of Stars and Stripes ;  
Unfurl it to the breeze ;  
In vale, on mountain, hilltop, plain,  
On ships where'er on seas.

On Natal Day of Nation's birth,  
Let it float everywhere ;  
O'er each and every loyal heart,  
This Flag of Freedom wear.

Where'er it floats, at home, abroad ;  
Beneath whatever skies ;  
The hearts of men, who see this Flag,  
Will love, and not despise.

All nations, of whatever rule,  
Will honor and respect  
This Flag that waves for human rights,  
For every class and sect.

No braver heroes ever bore  
A Flag beneath the sky,  
Than those who fought beneath its folds,  
For freedom dared to die.

In its defense, on battlefields,  
A million men have bled;  
As brave and loyal patriots,  
As ever heart's blood shed.

This Flag, for right, bear it aloft!  
Let it forever wave,  
Till all mankind shall freemen be;  
Unknown a serf or slave.

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### OUR FLAG

I see a Flag, it waves on high,  
With Stars and Stripes so bright;  
Of all the Flags waving in sky,  
Flag dearest to our sight.

### CHORUS

It is streamed with Red, it is streamed with White;  
The Blue is set with Stars;  
Our Flag on high waves in the sky,  
Our Flag of Stripes and Stars.

Our fathers for this Flag they fought,  
For it they dared to die;  
In battles many forth it brought,  
In victory waving high.

[Chorus.]

Its stripes of Red, their blood they shed,  
Precious for you and me,  
That to a final victory led,  
O'er foe across the sea.

[Chorus.

Its stripes of White, so pure and fair,  
The right always in view ;  
At home—abroad—yes, everywhere,  
Its lovers to it true.

[Chorus.

Lit up with Stars its field of Blue—  
The States in Union there ;  
This Flag for right, and freedom, too,  
Floats grandly everywhere.

[Chorus.

In its defense, on land and wave,  
A million men have bled ;  
Soldiers, as loyal, true and brave,  
As ever heart's blood shed.

[Chorus.

Forever wave this Flag on high,  
O'er land of people brave !  
Banner of freedom in the sky,  
Beneath—no serf or slave !

[Chorus.

## WAR

Recruiting, drilling, to and fro, marching,  
At shrill voice of fife and beat of the drum;  
Soldiers together, in armies collecting,  
To fight for their Flag, and human freedom.  
Banners are waving, bugles are sounding;  
Cannon thundering the lines all along;  
Musketry flashing, foe and foe facing,  
In deadly conflict the carnage goes on.  
Troops charge on the left, they charge on the right;  
The Stars and the Stripes in glory wave on;  
The foes of that Flag are driven in fight  
Till conflict is o'er—the victory won.  
Our Nation was saved, its Flag waves on high,  
But for Nation and Flag, in death many lie.

## THE PATRIOT SOLDIERS

Their country called for help, and they heard its cry,  
And to save their Nation's life, they dared to die ;  
They fought to free each and every shackled slave,  
And fell in bloody battles, "Bravest of the Brave."  
The Nation lives, their battling was not in vain ;  
The Stars and Stripes in glory wave o'er land and  
    main,  
And not a shackled slave, no, not a single one,  
In all this land from rising to the setting sun.  
The battlefields on which they fought and died,  
With battling comrades at each elbow side ;  
Pages in annals of heroic strife,  
Of heroes fighting for their Nation's life ,  
Willing to die their Nation's life to save ,  
Upon the altars of their country, death to brave.



## HE WAS LOYAL TO THE FLAG

Comrade, dear Comrade, just a word:

Before you here shall leave my side ;  
For ere this battle shall be won,  
From these wounds I shall have died.

For yon dear Flag, I shouldered arms—

Enlisted for the entire war ;  
Beneath its folds, in battles fierce,  
Have fought for each and every Star.

By day, by night, have followed it,

In winter's cold, through summer's heat ;  
For love of it have ever fought—  
In its defense knew no defeat.

But one request I have to make ;

When victory here shall be complete,  
Just wrap me in the Stars and Stripes,  
For a glorious winding sheet.

Now, Comrade, leave me to my fate,

Your duty that Flag's foe to meet ;  
But, Comrade, when this battle's won,  
Fold me in Flag for winding sheet.

## THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

His warfare is ended—all his conflicts are o'er ;  
To call of the bugle he will answer no more ;  
Though others may still march in battle array,  
He rests where he fell, in the heat of the fray.  
With his face to the front, and his eyes on the Flag,  
With a step that was firm, never backward to lag ;  
With his breast to the foe, the shot and the shell,  
In line of his duty, he fought there and fell.  
There were those whom he loved—very dear to his  
    heart ;  
A home to him sweet, from which hard to depart ;  
But he sacrificed all, when his country did call,  
And fell in the battle as the brave only fall.  
He was only a private, no epaulettes wore ;  
To obey—not command—the foe fight before ;  
On him and his comrades, elbow to elbow,  
Hung the fate of the day, the defeat of the foe.  
'Mid the crashing of cannon, the shrieking of shell,  
Over hilltop and fields, then through valley and dell,  
Upward and onward he pressed in the fight,  
And fell on the field where the foe put to flight.  
The private, the soldiers, the men of the ranks,  
Who there bravely battled—they first have our thanks.

The "Nation still lives!" Our Flag floats on high,  
Because they, for country, would willingly die.  
Let monuments upward, high upward, arise,  
For the brave private soldiers, let them point to the  
skies!

To the skies! to the skies! to the realms of the blest!  
Where we trust they forever—forever may rest.

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### WELCOME SOLDIERS OF G. A. R.!

Welcome Soldiers! Welcome ye brave!  
Who fought our Union dear to save;  
Our hearts in love go out to you,  
Old Soldier Boys, who wore the Blue.  
We view our Starry Flag on high,  
No slave beneath to toil or sigh;  
Banner of freedom waving there,  
Because true friends to it you were.  
Of all the nations on this globe,  
Grandest this one of our abode;  
It lives supreme, united, great,  
You kept in Union every State.  
Your comrades brave, dear, dead—not here,  
For them we shed regretful tear;  
Many absent, in soldier's grave,  
Who died this nation's life to save.

"Union Soldier"—glorious name,  
Undying are his deeds of fame;  
They, with blood dipped pen of war,  
Indelibly recorded are.  
Welcome, Soldiers of G. A. R.,  
Of U. S. A. from near and far;  
Thrice welcome to each one of you,  
Old Soldier Boys, who wore the Blue!

Reunion of Soldiers of G. A. R.,  
Indianapolis, Ind., Sept., 1893.

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### DECORATION DAY

Scatter flowers, go strew them where  
Our Soldiers sleep from fierce warfare;  
Place them in wreaths above each head  
Of Soldiers' graves, where they lie dead.

Go shed your tears upon each grave  
Of those who died our Flag to save;  
Place Starry Flag, to Soldiers dear,  
O'er Soldiers dead—no longer here!

Their resting place—the sod beneath—  
With laurel crowns above enwreath;  
They fought our Nation's life to save;  
They died the "Bravest of the Brave."

•

The graves of many unknown are  
Unmarked—on battlefields afar ;  
O'er each and all of them we would  
Sweet flowers scatter, if we could.

Still, soldiers with us, in our land,  
Of noble, brave, heroic band ;  
Long may they live—our Heroes brave—  
Who fought our Union dear to save.

Their love of Country to them dear,  
Of Soldiers brave, both dead and here ;  
Let us forever emulate—  
Their memory dear perpetuate.

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT,  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

This monument we greatly prize,  
Majestic, pointing to the skies ;  
Erected to perpetuate  
Memories of the true and great ;  
Of men who to their country gave  
Their lives, their country's life to save.

When armies great, the nation's life  
Would take, in bloody battle strife ;  
Our country's flag beneath their feet  
Trample upon—with hisses greet ;  
Then forth the loyal soldiers came  
To lift on high that flag again.

When foe the Union would dissolve ;  
Life, peace and liberty involve ;  
The nation's glory would efface,  
And hold as slaves a human race ;  
Forth came the sons, where freemen toil,  
Made all this land, land of free soil.

The patriot left his home, his wife,  
His children, friends for battle strife ;

Suffered and fought, bled and died  
By tens of thousands, side by side;  
That this great nation long might live,  
Each one who died, his life did give.

On battlefields, three hundred—more,  
Made red with precious human gore;  
The patriot soldiers held on high  
Their country's Flag, for it did die;  
Tore treason's banners from the skies,  
In place thereof his country's, flies.

Most of those, who our battles fought,  
Sweet peace again to nation brought.  
Now sleep—their strife of warfare o'er;  
The victory theirs, their foe no more;  
Brave soldiers dead, to those who live,  
To all of them we homage give.

Our people, now, united stand,  
The greatest of all nations grand;  
Our future prospects glorious, bright,  
Respected in all nations' sight;  
And all because of soldiers true,  
Our soldier boys, who wore the Blue.

Then here for all time yet to come,  
To tell of deeds of glory done,

By soldiers, on the battlefield,  
This nation's life to save and shield;  
May this Monument proudly stand,  
Solid, majestic, lofty, grand.

And from its topmost point, on high,  
That points from free land to the sky,  
May Flag of freemen ever wave;  
The Flag our soldiers fought to save—  
Forever wave on high from there,  
Their memories dear, there to declare.



## UNIVERSAL PEACE

When shall this world all be at peace ;  
All Nations free from war's alarms ;  
No more arrayed in battle strife,  
Where men, as soldiers, clash in arms ?

When shall oppressors cease to rule ?  
Despotic powers be unknown ?  
When all men, freemen, everywhere,  
No serfs with heavy burdens groan ?

When shall mankind as brothers live  
Beneath the circuit of the sun ;  
When in each heart there shall be found  
A love for each and every one ?

When shall man cease to brother hate  
Through years of bitter, worldly strife ?  
When shall men, both in church and state,  
Be known as men upright in life ?

When, when the Golden Rule's observed  
The world throughout, by all mankind ;  
Then, then a universal peace ;  
Man friend in man will ever find.

## A TRUANT'S GRAVE

Wouldst that thou could tell me, Sleeper,  
From thy narrow bed in clay,  
Who thy mother, who thy father,  
In some far-off land away!  
Doubtless they are waiting, watching,  
For thy coming, night and day;  
Shedding tears of bitter sorrow,  
As they watch and for thee pray.  
Truant boy, thy father, mother,  
Best of friends thou hadst on earth;  
When thou fled their care and shelter,  
Little thought thou of their worth.  
Out upon the stormy ocean,  
Then, in strange and foreign lands,  
Doubtless, thou missed father, mother,  
With their kind and helping hands.  
Cold and hungry, among strangers,  
Without friends, save far away,  
Didst thou not, in tears and sorrow,  
Wish thou hadst not gone astray?  
Yes! And when death, so unexpected,  
Stared thee grimly in the face,

With arms folded, father, mother,  
Thought thou held in fond embrace.  
Wouldst that thou could tell me, Sleeper,  
From thy narrow bed in clay,  
Who thy mother, who thy father,  
In some far-off land away,  
That I could tell them (though with sorrow)  
Of their boy's last resting place;  
That he died, his father, mother,  
As if clasping in embrace.

## LOST IN THE STREAM OF PLEASURE

The sun with golden beauty shone,

In glory lit the sky;

The dew-drops flashed on blades of grass,

Like diamonds to the eye.

The air was balmy, still and pure,

Filled with songs of birds;

Flowers sweet adorned the fields,

Where grazing peaceful herds.

A river smoothly flowing on

Between well shaded shores;

The sky in beauty hung above

Where skylark singing soars;

All Nature pleasing, joyous there,

No sign of danger seen

By youth who looks out from the shores

Which river flows between.

In waters smoothly gliding down

Between those river shores,

Power, unseen, a boat will glide

Without the help of oars.

The youth had many times been told,

That, farther down below,

The stream not there so smoothly ran ;  
More rapid was its flow ;  
That, rocks and reefs, in channel, thick  
Obstruct its onward flow ;  
That, from lofty height it dashed  
Into abyss below.  
That, he who once was drawn into  
The rapids of this stream,  
No human aid on earth could save ;  
No hope of rescue gleam.  
The youth, who heard these warning words,  
Their truth did not deny ;  
But failed to heed—let them pass—  
These warning words go by.  
He launched his boat upon this stream,  
In it—shoved away—  
Amid enchanting scenes around,  
As though no reckoning day.  
His bark, it smoothly glides along  
Without the help of hand ;  
The scenes are grand on either side  
Of panoramic land.  
In pleasures sweet he passed by those  
Who, standing on the shore,  
Called to him, in warning tones,  
To shoreward ply his oar ;

Still, he heedless onward went,  
    Could see no danger there ;  
The scenes alluring, fair and grand ;  
    Entrancing everywhere.  
But see ! his bark more swiftly glides ;  
    Shores by him seem to fly ;  
The waters now, no longer smooth ;  
    Rough as though winds were high.  
He wakes from dreams of pleasure, now,  
    The idle oars he grasps ;  
The warning words, unheeded heard,  
    Now loud as trumpets' blasts ;  
Forgets the scene of pleasures past,  
    No longer it allures ;  
Condemns himself for recklessness,  
    For pangs he now endures.  
He struggles back his bark to row,  
    To force it up the stream .  
Too late ! the current bears him on,  
    And waves the stronger seem.  
With all the strength of fell despair,  
    He strives to row to shore ;  
Too late ! the rushing current, there.  
    Too strong for him to oar.  
His friends, they gather on the banks,  
    For help they hear him call ;

Too late ! he dashing onward goes,  
Beyond relief of all.  
Now, from his hands the oars they drop,  
The youth sinks in despair,  
And lifting high his hands above  
Asks for help in prayer.  
But now the waves are splashing high,  
Against the rocks they dash ;  
They froth and foam in madness there,  
As they in fury lash.  
They lift his bark on mad crests high,  
Against the rocks it dashed,  
With mangled body of the youth,  
On in fury lashed ;  
They raging, chasing, rushing go,  
Dead body sweep in flow ;  
With thundering plunge dashed it down  
Into abyss below ,  
To be forever lost from sight ,  
Shut out from sunny skies,  
Where misty clouds, which ever there,  
Like smoke from fires arise.

## LEAD US IN THE BETTER WAY

Where shall the sin-sick soul find rest,  
From pangs of sin be free?  
Both soul and body long for ease—  
Rescued from sin would be.

Long have we trod the thorny way  
Where pleasures onward lure,  
To find they oft deceptive were;  
When tested, found impure.

At fountains bitter, sometimes drank,  
That seemed of water sweet;  
Ofttimes pursued a phantom joy,  
That but ensnared our feet.

Have found the sinful paths of life,  
Our soul a desert to;  
Pleasures prospective, mirage been,  
Which, when approached, withdrew.

The tempter vile, in mask of smiles,  
Has beckoned us his way,  
And often we, thus unaware,  
By him been led astray.



O God lead us in better way,  
"The waters still beside,"  
That, when life's journey here shall end,  
In heaven we may abide.

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### WATCHING, SHE WAITS ON OCEAN SHORE

She waits upon the seashore, by blue waters deep,  
The lashing waves of ocean moaning at her feet;  
With anxious eyes, out o'er where briny waters sweep,  
She watches vainly there, for ship, her love to greet.  
She knows not the sobbing waves breaking on the  
shore,  
To her are messengers from far, far out at sea,  
Telling her, in doleful tones, she shall never more  
In the fond embraces of her dear lover be.  
The dashing waves, just in, from the mid-ocean far,  
Have o'er her lost lover swept in their stormy  
night;  
In watery depths, in grave beneath a far-off star,  
Her lover sleeps in death, in rayless ocean night.  
Watching, she waits on ocean shore her love to greet,  
While each incoming wave moans at her waiting feet.

## THE SELFISH MAN

Health, wealth, prosperity and ease were his ;  
He lived as though there were no miseries ;  
No pain or want, no sorrow or distress  
Caused him to care for others' happiness.  
Himself, with plenty blest, he helped no one ;  
No acts of kindness he to others done ;  
And thus through life he lived and no one blest ;  
A selfish man—if not the wickedest.  
But came a time, as comes to all men here,  
A time, at farthest, unto all men near,  
When, of rank regardless, or millions worth,  
Grim death divorced this man from all on earth ;  
This selfish man, of this time took no heed,  
When he of mercy much stood in great need.

## ENOCH AND I

Enoch and I, brothers were we,  
Our father, a farmer was he.  
Two calves he had in barnyard shed,  
One was white the other was red ;  
One named Buck, the other Berry ;  
Both were kind and gentle, very.  
Enoch and I, we got a yoke—  
(The calves, as oxen, not yet broke)—  
We yoked the two together there,  
To make of them, oxen a pair ;  
Their tails together failed to tie,  
To keep their heels together nigh.  
They soon grew restless in the yoke,  
And for the barnyard, running, broke.  
Buck tried to run east—Berry west ;  
To pull apart they tried their best ;  
They bawled, tumbled on the ground,  
Over the barnyard, all around.  
Enoch and I, we were scared,  
Go near those calves, neither dared ;  
We ran to the house, hid under a bed,  
Till time came, those calves to be fed.  
Father came home—we never spoke ;

He found those calves, their necks both broke.  
You ask, to us, "What did he do,  
For causing death of those calves two?"  
Well, father was a good man, kind,  
No mean man he of brutal mind.  
"My sons," said he, "those calves are dead,  
Together yoked, head to head.  
God bless you! may you both long live,  
Nor greater sorrow to me give."  
After that time, Enoch and I,  
For father would willingly die.

## EVANESCENT

In the midst of gloomy darkness,  
I saw a light of brilliant glare;  
But when I came to where it shone —  
*Ignis fatuus*—light not there!  
It was evanescent.

When I a boy, man I would be,  
And climb to dazzling height of fame;  
But when a man I had become,  
I found fame but an empty name!  
It was evanescent.

When I was poor, I would be rich,  
Have pleasure great, when wealthy grown;  
But when the riches gained at last,  
No pleasure in them—it had flown!  
It was evanescent.

I now have learned to be content  
With what the present brings to me;  
No longer chase delusive things,  
Which in the future seem to be,  
But are evanescent.

## THAT SCHOOL HOUSE OF OLD

O, that School House of Old, built of logs and of  
boards,

What sweet recollections my memory affords  
Of the lasses and lads from the farms it around,  
All gathered in there, and upon its playground.  
O, the good times we had, when old schoolmates  
among,

In the hey-days of life, when all happy and young ;  
Ere the passing of years had whitened each head  
Of old schoolmates dear, not numbered with dead.

O, that School House of Old, which, now long years  
ago,

Stood on brow of a hill, with a spring just below ;  
On fringe of a forest, with a road winding near,  
I now well remember, though, since many a year.  
How I once would again just so well like to see  
That School House of childhood, just once more there  
to be

With the boys and the girls, of the neighborhood there,  
And the old master, too, as we all once there were.

O, that School House of Old, that stood hard by the  
wood,

Once again, once again, yes I would, if I could,  
On a slab seat there sit by my old benchmate's side ;  
There be a boy once again, be to old friends allied.  
Once again would I hear that old School's busy hum,  
Like the buzzing of bees 'round an old honey gum ;  
Stand again in the line of the long spelling class ;  
Once again there be loved by a sweet country lass.

O, that School House of Old, its memories so sweet ;  
Never more, never more, shall old school chums there  
meet,

To again there grasp hands, drink together at spring,  
Play at ball there with bat, or on grapevine there  
swing ;

For now bare is the spot where that old School House  
stood—

Deserted its playground—field where once was the  
wood,

And the boys, and the girls, and the old master, too,  
Like that School House of childhood, have vanished  
from view.

## HOME

There is, within the hearts of all,  
An ever strong desire  
For home, some certain spot on earth  
Whereto we may retire.

When labors of the day are done,  
And night is coming on;  
At once, we ready start to go;  
For home we would be gone.

The sailor, on the ocean tossed,  
Has longings for his home;  
The soldier, on the camping field,  
Pines for his home, sweet home.

The prodigal, who wanders far,  
Abroad on earth to roam;  
With longing, aching heart desires  
Again to be at home.

Where'er we go, where'er we are,  
No matter who or when,  
There comes the time, we think of home;  
Back there would go again.



A feeling that the heart would break  
When forced from home to leave ;  
We fret and pine on distant shores,  
And for the dear home grieve.

When nearing sunset of our lives ,  
When age bedims the eye ,  
No place like home, sweet home to be—  
There bid our last good-bye.

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#### AN OLD PILGRIM

O Weary Man, thy pilgrimage  
Is near unto the end ;  
The day and hour is near at hand,  
Thy spirit to ascend.

Long, weary years thy feet have trod  
Life's thorny way below ;  
But little longer here to dwell,  
Not far, here, yet to go.

Thy eyes are dim, thy pace is slow ;  
Low drooping is thy head ;  
Thy pathway, down the hill of life,  
Near brink of grave has led.

The many lines upon thy face  
A life of trouble show ;  
The pains and aches of thy poor heart,  
God, and thou, only know.

Thy locks are silvered o'er with frosts  
Of many winters gone ;  
Thy face has long, deep furrows there,  
Where tears have coursed along.

O, may thy end here, peaceful be,  
Like lying down to sleep ;  
To wake in realms of bliss above,  
Where none shall ever weep.

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### THE BELLS

I hear the bells, they ring so clear,  
The day of all days best is here ;  
They call us all to worship God,  
To walk in path our Saviour trod.  
I hear the bells, they toll, and toll  
The farewell to departed soul ;  
They speak in sad and solemn tone ;  
A dear one gone—sad home—sad home.

The bells they ring, and ring, and ring  
The Old Year out—the New Year in;  
They fill the heart with hope and glee;  
A Happy New Year ring for thee.  
Come in and dine, come in and dine,  
So ring the bells in tones so fine;  
Three times a day, the year all 'round,  
The hungry gladly hear their sound.

The bells are swinging to and fro;  
They ring the time to part and go;  
The ship now leaves its mooring place,  
And iron horse resumes the race.  
To school, to school, they call and call;  
Forth come the children large and small;  
To books, to books, attention give;  
The Nations educate to live.

The merry ring of wedding bells,  
Their voice an end to courtship tells  
As they ring out in chime so sweet;  
As husband, wife hereafter meet.  
I hear the bells, they ring so fast;  
I see the people hurry past;  
They call aloud the fire to quench;  
The home, in flames, with water drench.

When foe our country would do harm,  
The bells ring out their loud alarm;  
And when victorious banners rise,  
In ringing bells the glad news flies.  
The bells they ring, and ring and ring,  
As back and forth they swing and swing;  
They bid us come and worship God;  
They toll to grave beneath the sod.

Ring Happy New Year to us all;  
To ready meals ring out their call;  
Ring for voyage just now begun;  
Ring back to tasks that are undone.  
To marriage altar lovers ring;  
Notice of danger quickly bring;  
Ring when the foe defeated lies,  
When Flag, on high, victorious flies.

## CUPID

Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Pan and Mars ;  
Mythical gods, rulers of world, god of wars ;  
All gods and goddesses, myths of the past,  
Have vanished, in chaos are lost at last—  
All, each and all in oblivion rest—  
Except Cupid, by whom all would be blest.  
Cupid, fabled Cupid, on wings of dove,  
Still hovers near in each case of true love ;  
And no coat of mail protection to heart,  
When he twangs his bow with loved tipped dart.  
Ever on watch with love seeking eye,  
His shafts, this love archer, thickly lets fly,  
And straight to a heart each love missile flies,  
Enkindling with love till pierced victim dies.

## HABIT

Habit, a second nature with us all ;  
A growth from doing, or not doing things,  
That strength or weakness to each always brings ;  
Lifting higher or lower letting fall.  
Living right today, stronger tomorrow  
Besetting evil here to overcome ;  
Good, with greater pleasure, by doer done ;  
Happiness reward, instead of sorrow.  
The transgressor, by each successive sin,  
Weaker in nature does thereby become,  
Until Conscience no longer serves within,  
With warning voice against the evil done.  
From effect of cause, we conclusion reach,  
Habit, good or bad, rise or fall of each.

## BECAUSE OF RUM

I met a man, as street he walked,  
    Staggering back and forth ;  
He to himself insanelly talked,  
    As though a million worth.  
His clothes in tatters, bare his feet ;  
    As poor, as poor could be ;  
He fell in gutter by the street,  
    As though he could not see.  
Some people said, "he once was rich ;"  
    The heartless, they made fun,  
While there he struggled in the ditch,  
    And all because of Rum !

Rum !

Rum !

I saw by midnight—gleaming light,  
    Which shone through cabin door,  
A wife and mother, in the night,  
    Her children watching o'er ;  
Now and then from door she peered,  
    While tears bedimmed her sight,  
With anxious look, as if she feared  
    That something was not right ;

At last, the husband, father came,  
As he had often come ;  
Out of home his family drove,  
And all because of Rum !

Rum !

Rum !

I stood in front of prison door,  
The jailor there nearby ;  
Back of the bars, upon the floor,  
A man was standing nigh.  
I asked keeper of the jail  
“For what this man herein?”  
He said, “For murder—without bail!”—  
A sigh I heard within.  
The murderer, with bowed head,  
Beckoned me to come ;  
“Killed my wife,” he crying said,  
“It was because of Rum !

“Rum !

“Rum !”

I stood aghast near gallows high ;  
A felon forth was brought ;  
He took his place where soon to die,  
When mercy had been sought ;  
He trembling stood in face of death,



In choking words he spoke  
To men, who stood with bated breath,  
As he the silence broke :  
“The crime for which I here shall die,  
Dark deed which I have done ,  
I say in truth, as death is nigh,  
Was all because of Rum !

“Rum !

“Rum !”

## SAY NO!

When passion would to wrong incite,  
From virtue lead astray ;  
Be not seduced, turn not aside  
Into forbidden way ;

Say No!

When you would do what Conscience says  
Is not the right, but wrong ,  
Unto the evil tempting you,  
And with resistance strong ,

Say No!

Should love of money, ease or fame,  
Allure some wrong to do ,  
Be not deceived, be not ensnared,  
Unto thyself be true ;

Say No!

Regardless who, or what the thing  
Would wrong induce to do ;  
Yield not unto persuasion vile  
That would but ruin you ;

Say No!

“BE NOT FORGETFUL TO ENTER-  
TAIN STRANGERS”

The night was dark, the winds were high,  
And stormy clouds o’ercast the sky,  
A Traveller knocked at mansion door,  
Begged for shelter as if poor.  
The owner of the mansion said,  
He “would not give him bed or bread ;”  
And so the tottering Traveller, bent,  
Out in the storm on journey went.  
He next to humble cottage came.  
His locks of grey were wet with rain,  
His limbs, with travel, weary were,  
As he at cottage door stood there ;  
“Come in! Come in!” two voices said,  
As man and wife the Traveller led  
To cheerful fire on the hearth  
Of cottage filled with childish mirth.  
“How came you thus to journey late,  
Through rain and sleet unto our gate?”  
The old man said, “The mansion door  
Swung shut, not inward to the poor ;  
While out their cottage latch string hung,  
As if inviting in to come.”

A pleasant smile came o'er each face  
Of dwellers in that cottage place.  
With bounties soon a table spread,  
As though a king was to be fed ;  
And sitting at that table there—  
A son with father, unaware.  
A moment family silent sat,  
The face of stranger gazing at ;  
And then each forward bowed the head,  
While stranger, humbly, these words said :  
"O God of both the rich and poor,  
In mansion—within cottage door—  
We thank Thee for these bounties spread,  
For guiding hand which hither led.  
God bless these children, husband—wife ;  
Long may they live and enjoy life ;  
When stormy nights on earth all o'er,  
God save us all where storms no more."  
When grace was said, the repast o'er,  
A while they chat the fire before ;  
And then to couch, their very best,  
The weary guest was shown to rest.  
The man in mansion, so unkind,  
Throughout the night heard stormy wind ;  
He could not sleep in downy bed,  
For beggar sent from door unfed.  
In visage of the stranger there,

Father's likeness seemed to stare ;  
His tone of voice, long since unheard,  
In memory thought of father stirred ;  
Who long years past, for foreign shore,  
He last had seen, to sea sail o'er.  
The humble cottager, that night,  
Was strangely blest—longed for a sight  
Of face of stranger, in the morn,  
Of semblance to his father born ;  
His father's voice not unlike that  
Of stranger who at table sat.  
The storm had past, the sun rose bright ;  
Forth came the stranger in the light ;  
He all disguise had put aside,  
In house where cottagers abide ;  
“My father !” cottager cried out,  
With joyous, happy, welcome shout ;  
“My son ! My humble cottage son !”  
The father cried—“My noble son !  
Thy wealthy brother from his door,  
His father spurned as beggar poor ;  
His brother poor, at cottage door,  
Took father in as beggar poor.  
A fortune I have to bestow,  
No need for same, have I below ;  
A part thereof I to you give,  
It to enjoy, long may you live.

Thy brother in his mansion there,  
Shall, also, of my fortune share;  
Though me, as beggar, turned away,  
By Golden Rule I will repay."

## OUR MOTHER COUNTRY

Our Mother Country, still we love,  
In friendship good and true ;  
Though fathers, her rebellious sons,  
Who home rule overthrew.

Forgotten now the bitter past—  
Faults have been forgiven—  
United now, with friendship's bonds,  
Those asunder riven.

Lineage and our language, too,  
The same for long years past ;  
These ties, stronger than bands of steel,  
Together bind us fast.

United thus by friendship's bonds,  
The world may all become  
One people with one common faith,  
And common lexicon.

## MONEY

Money! money! all want money,  
As bees want honey for their hive;  
Some sail stormy seas o'er for it,  
And some beneath their waves will dive.

Deep down in bowels of the earth,  
The delving miner for it goes,  
To earn a dollar there with pick,  
By many hundred, hundred blows.

The farmer, for it, toils in field,  
In heat, through storm, in winter's cold;  
Throughout the seasons of the year,  
He toils and sweats for shining gold.

The smith with brawny arm at forge,  
And artizans throughout the land,  
From day to day their wages earn,  
For money work with head and hand.

Throughout the day, far into night,  
With busy, stitching, rubbing hand,  
For pittance small, poor women toil;  
They stitch and stitch, at washtub stand.



The busy scenes of bustling life,  
On land and sea, the wide world o'er,  
Are scenes of earnest toil and strife,  
For money, money, money more.

For it some men oppress the poor;  
For it some fight, steal, kill and rob;  
For it some barter life away;  
For it estrange their souls from God.

All evil, 'neath the shining sun,  
Among the races of the earth—  
"The love of money, root thereof"—  
In love of money has its birth.

Money! money! all want money,  
As bees want honey for their hive;  
Best lay our treasures up above,  
And less on earth for money strive.

## AUTUMN

The fields are fading, fading, fading ;  
Once so green, now turning brown ;  
No longer to the eye so pleasing,  
Once verdant fields, now so brown.

The leaves are falling, falling, falling,  
Silently from boughs above ;  
They at our feet lie sear and rustling,  
Never more to shade above.

Flowers are dying, dying, dying,  
In the garden, by the walk ;  
Faded and scentless they are lying  
Dead and withered where we walk.

And men are fading, falling, dying,  
As the moments fleet away ;  
Like the herbage, leaves and flowers,  
Men soon die and pass away.

## NERO AND THE MARTYRS

Rome sat upon her Seven Hills, "Mistress  
Of the World!" The Tiber laved the foot  
Hills of the magnificent city, which  
Rose in grandeur towards the fair skies of  
"Sunny Italy." Her ruler—Nero,  
Inhuman monster—sat upon his throne,  
Himself the servant of satanic rule;

Look! See the great clouds of smoke  
Floating upward to the sky!  
See the red tongues of fire dart  
Up, higher far than the spires high!

Hear the crackling of the flames,  
The roar of hot, consuming fire!  
See the fleeing from their homes,  
As the scorching flames burn higher!

Hear the cries and wails from garden,  
Near where Nero sits in state,  
Where men and women writhe in fire,  
To appease a monster's hate!

There, see the mocking fiend of fiends,  
As the Christians burn in fire,  
Playing with cruel, fiendish glee,  
Nero, on the strings of lyre!

Monster there in human form,  
Fiend of fiends in human shape,  
Rules in Rome with torch of fire,  
Burns the Christians at the stake.

Nero crownless, long since dead,  
He to judgment final brought;  
The souls, he persecuted, live  
In realms of bliss—delightful thought!

Name of Nero, name of disgust,  
From burning Rome, the ages down,  
While Christian Martyr, burned at stake,  
Wears on his brow eternal crown.

## A FISHERMAN'S LUCK

A boy stood on the grassy bank  
Of winding, rippling brook ;  
He had a can of angleworms,  
A pole with line and hook.

From can he took a squirming worm,  
Impaled it on his hook ;  
And, when he it had spat upon,  
He cast it in the brook.

He soon felt jerkings at his pole,  
Then, presently, a pull ;  
And then he flung high o'er his head,  
A shiner from the pool.

Again, again, he caught of fish,  
And strung them on his line,  
Till he had all that heart could wish,  
Of many kinds and fine.

He left his fish on grassy bank,  
While he would take a swim ;  
Where he his finny game had caught,  
In glee he plunged therein.

A prowling sow, with brood of pigs,  
Came smelling by that way,  
And while the boy swam in the brook,  
They hogged his fish away.

When with his bathing he was through,  
He viewed the shore around;  
With tearful eyes he looked in vain—  
His fish he nowhere found.

“And thus it is, ofttimes,” he cried,  
“By some mean, hoggish brute,  
The worthy of their goods are robbed”—  
A truth none can refute.

## A TATTLER

She told the many things she heard,  
Added something thereunto ;  
Always seemed to take delight  
In scandal rank and new.

With eager eyes would gaze at sight  
Of one in deep disgrace ;  
Always seemed to most rejoice  
In sorrow-furrowed face.

Her poison words, with snakish dart,  
Slipped their slimy port.  
Her tattling tongue, with virus rife,  
Spread false and base report.

Eavesdropping ears, acute and wide,  
On willing head were set  
To catch the faintest scandal word,  
Her slander tongue to whet.

For other peoples' home affairs,  
Had very great concern ;  
Her mission chiefly ever was,  
Affairs of others learn.

The good she knew of other folks,  
In that took no delight ;  
The bad and evil she could find  
More pleasing in her sight.

Seed of discord broadcast sowed,  
Loved wrong, but not the right,  
Rejoiced to see harvest great  
Of reputation blight.

This scandal, tattling, wicked one,  
When she took sick and died,  
No one was known to mourn her death,  
Who, for her absent, cried.



## A HEAVEN FOR ALL

The flying wheels of passing Time stop not ;  
We travel on, whether we will or no,  
To destiny ; willing or not we go  
Forward, draw nearer to our final lot.  
Destiny is shrouded in mystery ;  
How soon to be reached, and what to be,  
We known not, are not permitted to see,  
To us 'tis hid in futurity.  
Although we, each, may have foreboding fears ,  
Our souls uneasy, lest the final end  
Be disappointment, to which we tend,  
Unending—lasting through eternal years ,  
Yet, the blessed hope may dispel the pall :  
Life on earth ended, a heaven for all.

## THE LABORING MAN

"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

Grieve not ye toiling millions, grieve ye not!

Be more content, far better is your lot

Than that of idlers, whom you often meet.

Abundance does not always bring content.

The rich often awake, when sound you sleep,

And fast with indigestion, while you eat;

Want of blessings, you enjoy, they lament.

By work you fill your mission, while on earth.

Toilers to world, what toiling bees to hive—

Useless the drones, and those who live like lives,

To world the toiling men of priceless worth.

One's work well done, the body prone to rest;

Then, with sweet sleep and dreams the toiler's blest.

## WHAT SHALL OUR FUTURE BE?

What shall our future be? That is the question  
That, with deep concern, should most engage us all;  
Whether, when life's brief voyage shall terminate,  
The end shall be shipwreck final to the soul,  
Or eternal safety, harbored from all storms.  
It is taught in Word of God, in Book Divine,  
And all men believe (perhaps a doubting few),  
By Nature so imbued with hopes and fears,  
That "It is not all of life to live, nor all  
Of death to die;" that, within our mortal frame  
Immortal spirit dwells; that when this clay  
Tenement shall crumble, and to "dust return,"  
The invisible spirit that dwells within,  
Dies not, but swift pinioned doth mount away  
To judgment just, and destiny eternal.  
Eternal destiny! There hang the hopes and  
Fears of all. We live, we die, to forever  
Live or forever die hereafter; which shall  
It be? oft worries the mind with distressing  
Doubts that keep it in a state of trouble.  
Some fear retribution, beyond the grave, for  
Evil in the body done, and, to escape

Sin's just reward, would be infidel as to  
Existence beyond the tomb. But despite the  
Would-be disbelief in a hereafter, the  
Doubting soul uneasy rests, notwithstanding;  
Disbelieving, yet it disbelieves its doubts,  
And would hide as if from some impending doom.  
The thought that grim death shall forever blot us  
Out, is abhorrent to our very nature,  
For, in our longings, we would forever live;  
But to forever die! O, the awful thought,  
That the soul, on the day of final judgment,  
May then be doomed to everlasting death!  
To forever die, but never to expire,  
Would seem sufficient, if not by love constrained,  
To cause each soul to accept the invitation:

“Come unto Me all ye that labor and are  
Heavy laden, and I will give you rest;  
Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me,  
For I am meek and lowly in heart, and  
Ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

## THE RAINBOW

Arched above, in vault of heaven,  
Bright bands of colors span the sky;  
A token there, that God again  
Will not destroy by deluge high.  
O Man, as thou beholdeth bands,  
In colors bright above thy head,  
Remember that a God of love,  
Athwart the sky His bow doth spread.  
When lightning's awful flash and dart,  
And thunders crash from clouds on high,  
Soon they shall pass, and there shall stream  
God's bow of promise in the sky.

## TWO HEARTS IN LOVE BEAT THERE

## I

The apple trees were in full bloom,  
A fragrance in the air ;  
The birds were singing sweetly, too,  
Among the blossoms there ;  
A lovely lass, with sparkling eyes,  
And lips of ruby red,  
Was singing 'neath the apple trees,  
In path which by them led.  
A farmer lad was passing by,  
Her voice of sweetness heard  
Beneath the blooming apple trees ;  
His heart with love was stirred.  
He whistled the same tune she sang,  
She stopped and listened there,  
And when he tune had whistled through,  
Two hearts in love beat there.

## II

The wedding bells, sweet wedding bells,  
I heard them ring and ring ;  
With joy seemed to ring aloud,  
To marriage altar bring.

I saw a country man and maid,  
With forms and faces fair,  
With buoyant step and joyous mien,  
To Hymen's place repair ;  
In presence there of Man of God,  
Kindred—many a friend,  
They joined their hands in wedlock true,  
Till death wedlock should end.  
And when the wedding march was played,  
Marriage ceremony done,  
The hearts of orchard lad and lass,  
The two beat as if one.

## III

I saw a cottage in a grove,  
Green fields in space around ;  
A flowing spring of water pure  
Gushing nearby from ground ;  
Both flocks and herds were grazing near,  
Flowers perfumed the air ;  
On lawn in front of cottage door,  
Bright children sweet and fair ;  
Fruit trees were hung with golden fruit,  
And setting 'neath them were  
The parents of those children sweet,  
A happy, joyous pair.

The birds were singing in the trees—  
Children sang—whistled, too,  
And hearts of orchard lad and lass  
There beat with old love true.

## IV

Then, farther down the path of life,  
When many years had flown  
(Those children playing on the lawn,  
To men and women grown) ,  
Again I passed that cottage by,  
Still standing in the wood,  
And thought of those I once saw there,  
Their children in childhood.  
Again I heard the songs of birds,  
Saw children sweet and fair ;  
The fields were green, there flocks and herds  
As years ago there were ;  
Two forms I saw with snow-white locks,  
'Neath fruit tree boughs above ;  
They were old orchard lad and lass,  
Their hearts still true in love.



## NO DISTINCTION

Here once slave and here his master,  
    Neither a slave or master more ;  
Here a beggar by a miser,  
    The miser as the beggar, poor.  
Here lies king beside the subject,  
    Ruled and ruler on level low ;  
Here the foes, their battles ended  
    By death's unerring, deadly blow.  
Here once wealthy, now with nothing;  
    In dusty, mouldy garments lie ;  
Proud and haughty here have fallen,  
    To toss no more their heads on high.  
From ages all, and every station,  
    From every rank, and every class,  
Here, side by side, no distinction,  
    No more than if but blades of grass.

## THE SILENT CITY

All are silent here, deaf, voiceless, sightless,  
Hidden from our sight, in abodes of clay,  
Unnumbered thousands, through night and day,  
Here rest in sleep of death, still, motionless.  
Death has been of persons no respecter.

Once rich and poor, old and young, high and low,  
Among the countless, silent dead below,  
Whom death hath slain with deadly scepter.  
But it shall so with slain not always be ;

There comes a time, perhaps not distant far,  
When all the slain of Death's relentless war,  
Shall from their death sleep, resurrected be ;

"In a moment,"—how, a great mystery !

"Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

“JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT  
JUDGED”

How oft men judge and criticise their fellow-men  
For that they do themselves ; scorn and condemn them,  
when

They, who judge, themselves weak and imperfect are,  
Unwashed sinners, from what they ought to be far ;  
Masquerade, in cloak of goodness, the world before,  
To hide their faults, their fellow-men deceive the more ;  
Profess that they, of all their fellow-men the best,  
That they alone are good, imperfect all the rest.  
Dost thou judge another for evil by him done,  
And do those things thyself, that others ill become,  
And with thine own beam-blinded, criticising eye,  
A mote in thy neighbors' or stranger's eye descry ?  
If so, beware ! O Man, thou dost thyself condemn,  
In doing that thou condemnst in other men.

## DISCONSOLATE

I have no home, no land have I ;  
No property or friend ;  
I have no place my head to lie,  
As now with age I bend.

I once was rich in worldly wealth ;  
Had friends, and not a few ;  
Misfortune came, my wealth took wings ;  
My friends forsook me, too.

I once was happy, strong and well ;  
Of nothing stood in need ;  
Now sick and weak, in misery dwell ;  
A life of want I lead.

When burning sun above me shines ,  
No shelter from its rays ;  
No cover have in stormy times,  
In my misfortune days.

The chilling winds and wintry storm  
My ragged garb blow through ;  
Benumb and freeze my trembling form ;  
I know not what to do !

I am weary, hungry, cold and sick;  
No food, no friend, nor home;  
O Death! with icy hand come quick,  
And claim me for thine own!

## ELECTION DAY

Go vote! You who have right to vote;  
That right a duty brings,  
Discharge thy duty at the polls,  
Pass less important things.

This duty one unto thyself,  
And to thy neighbors, too,  
To thy country, and to thy God,  
Great trust reposed in you.

Your vote put in the ballot box,  
And rightly counted out,  
A potent force for good may be,  
The land entire throughout.

Let none this sacred right impair,  
This duty none neglect;  
The voter's duty rightly done,  
Great good we may expect.

## AN OATH

An oath, a horrid, shocking sound,  
Offensive to the ear ;  
O, that one human should be found,  
An oath to utter here.

An oath, it ill bespeaks the one,  
Whoever utters same ;  
No good from oath can ever come,  
But infamy and shame.

An oath, God's name to take in vain,  
A sin of great offense ;  
They, who by oath God's name defame,  
Great ill their recompense.

## ONLY TWO MITES

Only "two mites" in the treasury cast,  
Only "two mites," the poor widow's living ;  
Yet more those two mites, in sight of the Lord,  
Than all there by the rich people given.

The rich their great riches all did not need,  
Plenty they had, and a surplus to spare ;  
Two mites gave the widow, all that she had,  
In sight of the Lord, gave more than all there.



## BATTLE OF THE CLOUDS

Sultry the day, the air was hot,  
No breeze disturbed the leaves ;  
The sun his rays downward shot,  
As farmers gathered sheaves.  
From zenith high he had begun  
His descent to the west—  
More than one-half his course had run  
From rising back to rest—  
When, from horizon, upward, lo !  
Came looming, grandly high,  
A Cloud portentous, sure though slow,  
Across the western sky ;  
And midway, in the east, above,  
Dark Clouds collecting were,  
In flying columns upward shove,  
Like armies grand in air.  
All these Clouds in one were massed—  
North to south it stretched—  
Upward to meridian passed,  
Fast with fury fetched.  
Now Cloud from west and Cloud from east,  
Towards each other fly,

And trembling man, and startled beast  
With horror look to sky.  
The sun's obscured, the earth grows dark,  
Clouds are streamed with fire,  
By flash of which the eye can mark,  
Each the other nigher.  
Then comes a sound of thunder crash,  
That jars the earth below,  
Against each other storm Clouds dash,  
As each would onward go.  
And there, above, in stormy air,  
Each, with tornado blast,  
Struggles the other back to bear,  
Nor let its foe go past;  
And back and forth their lightnings flash,  
With booming thunders smite,  
Till battlefield with waters splash,  
Shed in the awful fight.  
They roar and rage, they blow and dash  
Each other at in air,  
With thunderbolts each other crash,  
And fight with fire there.  
Now one the other back would drive,  
And then be driven back;  
In equal conflict seemed to strive,  
Nor strength, nor fury lack.  
There they roared and fought in rage,

In lightning's blinding glare,  
Earth's battlefield a mimic stage,  
To battlefield in air.  
With liquid, forked, flashing fire,  
While deafening thunders rose,  
Those Clouds each charge with awful ire,  
In final conflict close.  
Furious storm Cloud from the west,  
Grapples its eastern foe,  
And as they struggle breast to breast,  
In fearful whirling go.  
They struggle there, the whirlwind ride,  
And sweep the earth below ;  
Destruction scatter far and wide,  
As whirling 'round they go.  
They fought above in stormy air,  
These war Clouds of the sky,  
Each the other to pieces tear  
In whirling struggle try.  
At last the awful Cloud from west  
Whirled back its eastern foe ;  
Seemed strongest in the whirling test,  
As whirling on they go.  
Those storm Clouds fought—went whirling on,  
Passed from view at last,  
And all were glad when they were gone —  
Clouds' battle o'er and past.

## LABOR DAY

Put out the flaming fires at forge,  
Close up the marts of trade ;  
Hush up the hum of running mills,  
Where works of art are made ;  
Let toilers from their labors cease,  
The beasts of burden rest—  
For one day, of each rolling year,  
Let all by rest be blest.  
To sylvan woods and running streams,  
To spots where scenes are fair,  
Give all a chance, one day each year,  
Thereto with joy repair.  
Let those, for whom the toilers toil,  
Go with the toilers there—  
Thus one day, out of every year,  
Its joys together share.  
Then Labor Day shall well be fraught  
With blessings rich and great,  
For toilers and for whom they toil,  
And, also, to the State.  
Then, dignity of labor shall  
Still higher rise in scale,  
And idleness, which leads to vice,  
Shall less its vice entail.

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP

He who this world within and without friends,  
Must person be who neither gives nor lends.  
To help in need is friendship's truest test ;  
By friend, in need, the needy one is blest.  
When Misfortune's scowls, by some kindly deed,  
The true friend helps his fellowman in need.  
He who thy friend, when not in need,  
But in want deserts thee, is false, indeed.  
When one doth show, but does no favors ask,  
And friendship burdens not with any task,  
Many there are willing always to receive,  
But giver needy, they desert and leave.  
Of friends, the truest and the best of all,  
Is He, Who died to save from Adam's fall.

## THE DECEIVER

The deceiver, insidious and bold,  
As serpent to Eve in garden of old ;  
False promises made, tempted, allured,  
No evil to fear, her he assured.  
At first she resisted, yielded at last,  
Falsely deceived as Eve in the past,  
To find to her sorrow, woe and despair,  
Deceived she had been by promises fair.  
Woe ! woe ! to the vile serpents of sin,  
Who confidence of the virtuous win,  
But to blast, destroy, ruin, deflour,  
After ensnaring into their power ;  
For pangs they have caused, the many a sigh ;  
Him they must answer of "all-seeing eye."

## "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters ;"  
Always seek some good to do ;  
Time will come sometime thereafter,  
Bring a blessing rich for you.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters ;"  
Help the poor when in distress ;  
By your giving to help others,  
They, thereafter, may you bless.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters ;"  
Fallen help to rise once more ;  
Time may come when you may struggle,  
Get their help in trials sore.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters ;"  
Daily, good do more and more ;  
In proportion you will prosper,  
As you good have done before.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters ;"  
Voyager down the stream of time ;  
Farther down the stream thereafter,  
When in need, you may bread find.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters;"  
All the good you can here do,  
Now, and in the great hereafter,  
God, His promise will keep true.



## A NEIGHBOR'S NEGLECT

A lamp through cottage window shone,  
In early eve, at humble home ;  
At midnight, it was burning still,  
And in the morn when air was chill.  
And so it shone from dark till dawn,  
Night after night kept burning on,  
For weeks, for months, and so for years,  
A witness dumb to toil and tears.  
But on one stormy, winter night,  
No longer shone that constant light.  
At dawn of day, a neighbor nigh,  
To know the cause, the reason why,  
Went to that humble cottage door—  
Where she had never been before—  
She knocked, no voice said, "come in,"  
But all was still as death within.  
She lifts the latch, she enters there ;  
'Twas cold and silent everywhere.  
Beside a lamp, on window sill,  
A bowed form, as praying still ;  
In scanty dress, and pale and thin ;  
One hand a needle held within,  
The other held above the head—

The neighbor saw the form was dead.  
Beneath the eyes were frozen tears,  
The last she shed in toil of years.  
Pain, want, despair, neglect and grief,  
For which no neighbor brought relief,  
Had made that humble cottage home,  
A place of death to one alone ;  
With no friend there, no listening ear,  
To help, or prayer last to hear ;  
But God above, who always sees,  
And hears, and pities and relieves ;  
Who took her soul at parting breath,  
And blessed her in the hour of death.  
The neighbor, o'er her neglect past,  
Mourned, while tears fell thick and fast.

## THE UNAVAILING MARBLE SHAFT

A marble shaft, here points to sky,  
That cost a fortune to erect;  
That fortune wrung from those nearby,  
Whose graves unmarked and in neglect.

Of no avail this marble shaft,  
On Judgment Day, unto the dead,  
'Twill count no more, in his behalf,  
Than would a brier in its stead.

A monument, to be of worth,  
Is built of Christian acts and love,  
And, without these, in life on earth,  
Hopelessly points the shaft above.

## INFLUENCE

He stood beside a water pool  
A pebble therein threw ;  
He saw a wave from center move  
O'er pool, its shores unto.

Then unto him this thought occurred:  
The acts of my life bear,  
Outward, a wave of influence,  
Like pebble thrown in there.

That lesson taught, he ne'er forgot,  
His rule of action was,  
Always, do that, that good effect  
Result from every cause.

## ADDRESS TO NIAGARA

Niagara! Now before me, grand!

Thy constant roaring in my ears;  
I see thee now, as here I stand,

My longing wish for many years.  
I've read of thee in books and press,

In verse, in prose, time and again;  
Have seen thee painted picturesque,  
By artists, on their canvas plain.

Have heard the tourist speak of thee,  
In words the strongest he could find,  
And, oftentimes, it has seemed to me

That I could see thee in my mind.  
But now, I view and for self see

Thy ever-flowing torrents flow;  
That ever angry seem to be,

As dashing onward down they go.  
I see thy angry, foaming waves

In constant warfare dashing on,  
In endless number, none can brave,  
Thy fighting waves are never gone.

For many ages of the past,

Thy raging billows here have fought;  
Thy war of waves will likely last

Till time to end the world has brought.  
I see thy angry waters rush,  
Forever leaping down below,  
In liquid sheets, in falling, hush  
All other sounds in roar of flow.  
I stand and watch thy downward pour  
From height above, from shore to shore;  
Hear thy ever thundering roar  
Of mighty cataract before.  
I see mad waves come leaping high,  
From bottomless abyss below,  
That ever boils beneath the sky,  
And high their splashing waters throw.  
I see thy clouds of mists arise  
Like smoke from ever burning pit;  
Bow of promise arched in skies,  
In clouds of mist by sunlight lit.  
On bridge, on high, nearby I stand,  
Thy falling torrents view below,  
Look out upon thy waters grand,  
In ever roaring, constant flow.  
In depths beneath, look down from there,  
Thy sky-blue waters deep behold,  
All beauty, grandeur everywhere,  
Here to be seen—not to be told.  
Thy awful whirlpool farther down,  
Where raging waters ever dash,

I see white foam of madness crown,  
    As waves with waves with fury lash.  
I upward look, and then look down,  
    From every point behold the sight;  
Like scene, elsewhere, not to be found,  
    Of grandeur, beauty, and of might.

## THE BOY AND THE OWL

The night was dark, the woods were thick,  
A boy through passing with steps quick;  
Whistling, as though a brave was he,  
Though greater coward could not be.

On limb of tree, ooh-hoo! ooh-hoo!  
So cried an owl—the boy boo-hoo!  
Nor longer whistled there that night,  
But took to ignominious flight.

Like deer he ran the forest through;  
The owl still cried ooh-hoo! ooh-hoo!  
While frightened boy could nothing do,  
But run and cry boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

At last he reached his father's gate,  
In breathless state, and terror great,  
But never, after that would go  
The forest through, when sun was low.



## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

The King his feast in grandeur spread  
In brilliant hall, himself at head ;  
A thousand lords invited were,  
And each his place had taken there.  
King, princes, wives and concubines,  
There, each their costume richly shines.  
Voluptuous music sounds throughout ;  
Guests there drink, their praises shout.  
Belshazzar wine, before them all,  
Drank their health in banquet hall ;  
And, while he tasted there of wine,  
The gold and silver vessels fine—  
(Which, taken from the house of God,  
From temple where the holy trod,  
By wicked father, when a king)—  
His servants, he commands to bring.  
In these vessels wine is poured,  
There, at Belshazzar's festal board.  
Filled with sparkling wine to brim,  
A cup the King has brought to him.  
His princes, wives and concubines,  
Each one a cup in hand there shines.  
From these they drink, and idols praise,  
But not to God their voices raise.

The lords now drink and revel there,  
In banquet hall—mirth everywhere.  
The King himself, a god would be,  
There at that drunken orgy.  
But lo! what fingers are those there,  
As upward King and guests all stare?  
And as those fingers wrote on wall  
Of palace there in banquet hall,  
The King was sad, his knees they smote,  
As there he saw the hand which wrote.  
Terror stricken, aloud he cried:  
“Have all the wise men notified!”  
He who it would interpretate,  
Third ruler under King he'd make;  
A scarlet robe should him enfold,  
About his neck wear chain of gold.  
But all the wise men of the King,  
Failed to read the “strange writing.”  
The King in trouble great stood there;  
Guests astonished greatly were.  
Then came to banquet house the Queen  
(Who at the banquet had not been);  
She of the writing strange had heard,  
Of which the King and lords sent word.  
“O King, live forever,” said she,  
“And let not thy thoughts trouble thee.”  
The Queen requested of the King,

Daniel before him they should bring;  
That he could interpretation show,  
The meaning of the writing know.  
Daniel before Belshazzar stood,  
And tell the meaning true, he would.  
Belshazzar had not humble been,  
And he had greatly been in sin;  
Here, at this banquet hall, this night,  
He had sinned in heaven's sight.  
In vessels brought from house of God  
(Not fearing God's avenging rod)—  
From them had wickedly drank wine,  
King, his lords, wives, the concubine,  
Idols praised in drunken mirth,  
God forgot of heaven and earth;  
Writing "*Mene, Mene Tekel,*  
*Upharsin*"—does this Daniel tell,  
Was writing strange upon the wall;  
It meant his kingdom, it should fall;  
Divided soon now it should be;  
To Medes and Persians victory.  
That night Belshazzar ceased to reign,  
His kingdom fell, and he was slain.  
The wicked acts at banquet hall  
Brought God's displeasure on them all.  
Great city of Babylon fell;  
Medes and Persians therein dwell,

## THE UNMARKED GRAVE

Nothing to tell, whose dust lies here—  
    Commingle with the earth;  
Nothing to tell us where or when  
    The day of death or birth;  
Nothing to tell, 'tis all a blank  
    A sunken grave is all—  
Where resting dead is waiting for  
    The Resurrection call.

## RESURRECTION

Here bursts a bud, and fades a rose,  
    Upon a grave but lately made ;  
The one who sleeps in death beneath,  
    Was born, like bud and rose to fade.

On golden wings, a butterfly,  
    From 'neath the rose mounts up in air ;  
Once but a chrysalis in earth—  
    No earthly creature now so fair.

So shall the loved one sleeping here,  
    On Resurrection Day arise ;  
In form angelic mount away  
    To life eternal in the skies.

## THE DEPARTED SONGSTRESS

And can it be that thou art gone—not here ;  
That we no more shall hear thy voice, so sweet  
It thrilled the heart ; thee again not meet,  
But, for the absent, shed regretful tear ?  
Yestreen thy cheeks the healthy hue of rose,  
Thy kindly eyes, windows of noble soul,  
Beamed with true friendship, thou pure as gold ;  
Thy face now pallid—those windows closed.  
And is this death—destruction of friend dear,  
To mourning friends she left, still living here ?  
No, while they linger on the shores of time,  
She to sky has risen through fields of space ;  
Now she with angels has angelic face—  
There her voice accords with angelic chime.

## THE STREAM OF TIME

Now is passing, the future rushing on,  
On, on and on, time always rolls along,  
Ever streams into oblivion's sea,  
As fleeting moments in succession flee.  
We live upon the flowing stream of time  
That bears us on and on to port sublime,  
Or, else toward the vortex of despair,  
To ever struggle in life's shipwreck there.  
Our life's voyage, upon this stream of time,  
Is oft beset by storms and adverse wind,  
And the wave-tossed soul, sick, in despair,  
Fears soon to be lost in the tempests there—  
Just then, O Saviour, calm the troubled stream,  
Speak, "Peace, be still"—then hope again shall  
gleam.

## FAITH

Faith is an anchor to the soul,  
Made fast to throne above,  
By God's eternal promises  
Of mercy, pardon, love.

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## HOPE

Hope is the heart's expectant wish  
For that we do not see ;  
The looking forward, in belief,  
That, what we wish, will be.

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## CHARITY

Charity is the sweetest grace  
Of a true Christian's life ;  
A soothing balm for faults of all ;  
Never fomenta a strife.

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## LOVE

Love is the main spring of the soul,  
That joy to life imparts ;  
The strongest of all human bonds  
That binds together hearts.



## REVERIE

I strolled on shores of running stream,  
    Its waters pure and clear ;  
Lounged upon its banks, in dream,  
    In Autumn time of year.  
Gazed on high into the sky,  
    Heaven's blue vault above,  
Watched the birds in trees nearby,  
    Heard their sweet songs of love.  
Saw honey bees, they homeward fly  
    With nectar pure and sweet,  
Their winter storehouse to supply,  
    Before the icy sleet.  
Saw the squirrels in woods there  
    Scale, nimbly, forest trees ;  
Gathering winter stores they were,  
    As busy as the bees.  
I heard the whistle of the quail,  
    In thicket dense nearby,  
And saw its mate in beauty sail,  
    To side of lover fly.  
The kine were resting on hill-side,  
    Each ruminating there ;  
In boat two lovers languid glide,

Of my presence unaware.  
The air was balmy, pure and sweet.  
Its breath without a chill;  
The leaves were falling at my feet,  
The day serene and still.  
The trees upon the hill-side stood  
In gold and brilliant dress,  
And standing, near the leafy wood,  
Orchard with fruit and press.  
The sun was shining in the sky,  
O'er cast by smoke in air;  
Which hung above the treetops high;  
The scene enchanting, fair.  
I thought of childhood's happy days,  
Of old home far away;  
Of playmates, and our childish plays;  
In memory still they stay.  
Thought of the old school house that stood  
Hard by the churchyard gate,  
Of teacher, pupils, seats of wood,  
My dear old bench schoolmate.  
Thought of the spring at foot of hill,  
The school house there nearby,  
Of grapevine swing on bough of tree,  
Unto the playgrounds nigh;  
Thought of her whom I swung in swing,  
To me so sweet and fair,

When to and fro in air she swung,  
Seemed like an angel there.  
Recalled names in bark of trees,  
And those who carvers were ;  
A sadness felt to think that few  
Were living, who carved there.  
Thought of the brook that babbles yet,  
Still flowing on to sea,  
Where oft for finny tribes I fished,  
Its babblings sweet to me.  
Thought of parents, kindred dear,  
When child on parent's knee ;  
The happy days of youthful life,  
I ne'er again shall see.  
Recalled to mind those bygone days,  
When full of hope and joy,  
With prospect of long life before,  
With little to annoy.  
The seasons, then, no matter which,  
Their many pleasures brought ;  
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter,  
Were each with sweetness fraught ;  
Each one its special blessings had,  
To fill the heart with joy,  
And, when the joys of one were gone,  
The next gave sweet employ.

And so the seasons fly their rounds,  
Each its pleasures brings,  
Till boy to manhood's state is brought  
On time's unflagging wings.  
Those childhood days have fled away,  
The happiest and the best.  
Three score years have come and gone,  
In strife we would from rest.  
And had the boy, now bent with age,  
Foreseen the trials of life,  
He less had wished to be a man—  
In youth deferred man's strife.

## HE WAS A QUAKER

He was a Quaker—Uncle Mat—  
Always wore a broad-brimmed hat ;  
And when in church silently sat ;  
And there the floor kept looking at.

In church he never said a word ;  
Kept quite still—he never stirred ;  
None ever there his voice once heard ;  
Till church was out, all talk deferred.

But he was thinking all the same ;  
To worship God to church he came ;  
Silent, praying in Saviour's name,  
To live aright—be free from blame.

His troubles all to God referred,  
Though not aloud he spoke one word ;  
I think his heart with love was stirred ;  
His prayer there, I think God heard.

For I observed, when church was out,  
His face in smiles to all about,  
And, though he did not loudly shout,  
The hands of all shook thereabout.

## TWO CRIMINALS

It was their last night on earth to be.

From their narrow prison cell, 'twixt its bars,

They stood gazing at the far distant stars

As if into eternity to see.

One to the other wondered what they were;

He answered: "By this time tomorrow night,

If the gallows shall have drawn their nooses tight,

We shall know; we shall not be here, but there."

The morrow came, they to the gallows went,

But if from gallows unto one of stars,

At which they gazed 'twixt their prison bars,

To tell, no messenger will to earth be sent.

But this we know: Crime their memory clouds.

Where they are, the unknown from us enshrouds.

## PEACE IN REPENTANCE

Alone in solitary confinement,  
The wicked soul in hapless state doth dwell  
Within walls of its sinful prison cell;  
Remorse, an ever-gnawing punishment.  
The Conscience—if it be not dead—upbraids,  
Until remorse embitters every thought  
Of acts which have their condemnation brought,  
Till hours seem days, days months, and months de-  
cades.  
Then it is, when the pangs of wickedness  
Cause the sinful soul of man so to smart  
With pain, indescribable, that the heart  
Feels that it would be crushed with wretchedness.  
But the soul, in this extremity, may  
Find peace in repentance, if it but pray.

## MY FAITHFUL DOG

My faithful dog to me so true,  
More so than I have been to you ;  
You never have deserted me,  
And my will seems your will to be.

You never have to me harm done,  
And, always, at my bidding run ;  
Art ever watchful, at my side,  
To see no injuries betide.

By anxious look, you surely tell  
It is your wish to serve me well ;  
By actions show it pleases you  
When I for you a kindness do.

There is expression in your look,  
That speaks as plain as words in book ;  
Your ever watchful, kindly eye  
My wants and wishes would descry.

Your tone of voice, a language plain  
That always tells, in certain strain,  
Your wishes, and your feelings, too,  
And would attention call to you.



My faithful dog, you trust in me,  
You shall not disappointed be ;  
I trust in you, and find you true,  
The best you know, you always do.

## SOME WISHES

Sin stalks the land entire throughout  
By day as well as night,  
And rears its hydra head aloft,  
Where church spires gleam in sight :  
O, that the servants of the Lord  
More faithful were and bold,  
To hurl the Gospel shafts at Sin,  
As Christians did of old.

Sometimes our public servants are  
Dishonest, weak, untrue ;  
Misrepresent, betray their trusts,  
In that they often do :  
O, for true men, courageous men,  
Where public servants stand ;  
Never for wrong, always for right,  
For all men in our land.

Often the rich distress the poor,  
The strong the weak oppress ;  
Thus many suffer here and there,  
When plenty all to bless ;

O, that all men, in all they do,  
To Golden Rule would cling;  
Each doing thus to fellowman,  
To each would blessings bring.

Often, instead of justice done  
His fellowman, man wrongs;  
His rights unjustly him denies;  
Takes that to him belongs:  
O, that to each was meted out  
His just and legal dues,  
In cases all where brother man  
Is judge the right to choose.

I look the world me 'round about;  
On every side I see  
Something for every one to do;  
Hands stretched for help towards me:  
O, God help us our duty here  
Plainly to see and do,  
That good our many acts may be—  
The bad, if any, few.

How many, in this mortal life,  
Fritter their time away  
In foolishness, in vanity,  
Engage from day to day:

O, that the giddy were more wise;  
Where many sluggards, few,  
In world so full of sin and crime,  
Where work for all to do.

So, many struggle through this life  
To verge of yawning grave,  
To horde together wealth of earth,  
As if could always save:

O, when will men the lesson heed,  
All wealth, they here possess,  
At gate of death, of worth no more  
To them, than nothingness.

At longest, earthly life is short—

The moments quickly fly—  
When we have but begun to live  
The time draws near to die:  
O, foolish mortals that men are  
To sin their lives away,  
Perhaps, throughout eternity,  
Their debt of sin to pay.

## THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE

How dear to my heart the old family Bible ;  
The Bible which father and mother oft read ;  
Morning and evening they read from its pages,  
And humbly thereafter a prayer then said.

From its pages they taught me how here to live,  
To keep from the sins and snares of this life ;  
To walk in the path of the just and the good,  
Away from the ways of this world's bitter strife.

A lamp to my feet has this old Bible been,  
To light me safe by many pitfalls and snares ;  
And, but for its teachings and warnings to me,  
I often astray would have gone unawares.

This old family Bible, "the best of all books,"  
I will sacredly keep, and always shall love,  
To comfort and bless me on earth here below ;  
To guide me where father and mother above.

## VESUVIUS

Thou burning Mountain, towering above  
To clouds. We view thy grandeur in silent  
Awe! Thy ever-ascending smoke tells of  
Internal fires unquenchable, which burn  
In fiery billows beneath our feet. When  
Thou dost vomit forth consuming streams of  
Lava from earth's boiling, bottomless maw,  
And with mud, soot, cinders and ashes hot,  
Spew the heavens black—thou dost strike terror  
To the soul. The earth quakes and yawns at  
Thy eruptions terrible, and the ear  
Is horror-stricken with thy deafening roar.  
Thy fiery tongues seem to dart and burn  
To the very vault of heaven, and scorch  
And brazen its arch of blue. The sun is  
Obscured by thy black and sulphur fumes,  
And thy hot and parching breath is death to  
All life which thou breathest upon. At times  
Thou lightest up the dark abyss above,  
  
As though the earth itself a huge burning,  
Flaming torch. Thy rugged sides are deeply  
Encrusted by thy red, molten streams, and

Depths of neighboring sea have been gorged  
By floods of lava from thy fiery throat.  
Deep down beneath, buried by thy great  
Eruptions, destroyed cities lie, with  
Dead entombed. When we behold the heavens  
Fired by thy sulphureous blaze, we are  
Reminded—"The day cometh that shall burn  
As an oven \* \* \* In the which the heavens  
Shall pass away with a great noise, and the  
Elements shall melt with fervent heat; the  
Earth, also, and the works that are therein  
Shall be burned up"—all be destroyed—  
Numbered with the past—with entombed  
Pompeii and Herculaneum at thy base.

## THE OLD LOG CABIN

Near the outskirts of a wood,  
    'Neath the boughs of forest tree,  
Stood a cabin built of logs,  
    Now, in memory, sweet to me.

Curling smoke, from chimney top,  
    Upward rose to smiling skies,  
And the inmates of that house  
    Lived peaceful, happy lives.

On that cabin's door no lock,  
    Latch string always hanging out,  
To all people knocking there  
    None unwelcome, shut without.

On the hearthstone brightly burned  
    Wood from forest there nearby;  
And, before the cheerful fire  
    Gathered all in friendship nigh.

Household, all, blest, contented—  
    Not many vices then as now—  
Then, the rich no more respected,  
    Than the poor man at the plow.



Then, no vain or foolish pride,  
High no better than the low  
In the cabin of the woods  
More than fifty years ago.

O, give me plain log cabin,  
Of childhood days, long gone by,  
Rather than gilded palace,  
There in splendid life to sigh.

## CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD

Quarrelling, bickerings, nothing of these  
Disturb harmony of Christian household.  
Considerate, each, each other would please,  
And with kindest regard each other hold.  
In each heart, for each, a pure affection ;  
Each living a white life of purity,  
Oft blest with heavenly benediction,  
As they together dwell in unity.  
Each the other's burdens ever help to bear,  
In sorrow shed the sympathizing tear ;  
And each their joys with each other share,  
Through life of friendship, true, sweet and sincere.  
Such an household, when death shall here divide,  
Shall reunited be, God's throne beside.

## THE DEPARTED

Three score years and ten of my life have fled,  
As I look back the streams of time along,  
A thousand scenes the panorama throng,  
And, into meditation deep I'm led.  
But few of early life's companions here;  
The few now left are frail, and grey each head;  
Soon they shall sleep—be numbered with the dead,  
Then all shall have gone from this earthly sphere.  
The departed—shall we again those dear ones see?  
Is their dwelling place some far distant star?  
Shall we soon meet them in a world afar?  
In everlasting bliss together be?  
We gaze into immensity of space,  
And hope, somewhere, in bliss to see each face.

## ADDRESS TO A SUICIDE

Why did you suicide commit?  
Why did you die for death unfit?  
Why did you life sinfully take?  
Why did you law of God so break?  
Why did you thus your name disgrace?  
Why thus from earth your life efface?  
Was it for wrongs that you had done?  
Was it for loss of some loved one?  
Was it for fear that life would age?  
Was it because of foolish rage?  
Was it for cause you were not sure?  
Was it because that you were poor?  
Was it for confidence misplaced?  
Was it because some one disgraced?  
Was it that foolish you had been?  
Was it because of secret sin?  
Was it that friend you had not found?  
Was it because Misfortune frowned?  
Was it that you would end a strife?  
Was it because you tired of life?  
Was it that you had pain and grief?  
Was it for these you sought relief?  
Was it that some dear friend you lost?

Was it because you sleepless tossed?  
Was it that baleful appetite  
Had led you from the path of right?  
Was it because of foolish pride?  
Why have you thus in sin so died?  
Why did you not live on, and see  
From troubles all you might be free?  
Why did you not to Maker go,  
And seek relief from all your woe?  
Lived till brighter sun had shone,  
Till God, Himself, should call you home?

## CONVERTED

A traveller, overtaken by night,  
In the mountains which bandits infested,  
Was bewildered—filled with affright—  
Lest by robbers he might be molested.  
Through the darkness he saw a light gleaming  
From window of cabin in the forest;  
He rapped at its door, though much fearing  
For his safety, the place not the best.  
To him, the door, with its latch string, swung in,  
And a rough-looking man there appeared,  
Who asked him to at once enter in,  
Like a man who no other man feared.  
Hanging on the pegs in walls of that house,  
On the rough sides of the log cabin room,  
Were fire arms, knives and a blood-stained blouse,  
That filled the man with forebodings and gloom.  
He thought, perhaps, it home of a villain,  
Who, ere the sun in the morning should rise,  
Would betray, rob, and brutally slay him;  
But the sequel turned out otherwise;  
For, when the time came to retire to rest,  
The rough-looking man (in manner sincere)

Took from table "Book of all Books the best"—

A Bible well worn through many a year.

He opened the Book at Psalm Ninety-one,

From its pages well worn, then and there read,

And when he the Psalm of reading was done,

Then, unto the stranger, he these words said:

"Will you, now, with me and my good wife here,

In prayer unite to Father above?

God is a refuge in times when men fear,

To all who trust Him in faith and in love."

Gladly the stranger knelt down on his knee,

In that cabin, with the man and his wife,

And when he arose, converted was he—

He had found the way of Eternal Life.

His forebodings and fears vanished away—

Soundly he slept until late in the morn.

When he awoke bright the sunbeams of day,

Songs sweet of birds on the breezes were borne.

## SIN AND VIRTUE

Worse follows bad,  
    Better the good;  
Shun the evil,  
    Always we should.  
Worst follows worse,  
    Best the better;  
Always do right—  
    Wrong will fetter.  
Sin is a goad  
    That drives from bliss  
On ruin's road  
    To wretchedness;  
Virtue a grace  
    That leads above  
To throne of God,  
    Where all is love.



## THE FOOLISH LITIGANTS

Neighbors dispute about a cow,  
Which one the owner was ;  
They went to see a lawyer, each  
Before them laid their cause.

They told their lawyers each their tale,  
Each said it was his kine ;  
Each lawyer told his client, sure  
His case would gain in time.

They went to law about the cow,  
A judge and jury had ;  
Had all their neighbors come to court—  
These men now fighting mad.

The case is called for trial now,  
A jury put in box ;  
Grave judge is sitting on the bench,  
Each lawyer sly as fox.

Each counsel, then, in turn, before  
The jury states his case,  
And says the cow his client's is—  
Claim of the other base.

The plaintiff, who has not the cow,  
Now swears that she is his,  
Some of his neighbors testify,  
His cow she surely is.

Defendant, who the cow has got,  
Then swears it is his beast ;  
And his friends, too—and not a few—  
Doubt not his claim the least.

The lawyers, then, by grace of court,  
The jury, each address ;  
Long and loud, in flowery speech,  
Their claim of client press.

One says, it is the plaintiff's cow,  
One, that it is not so ;  
That beast, it is defendant's brute,  
As facts all go to show.

The lawyers now, their speaking done,  
Each strokes his noble brow ;  
Grave judge, upon the bench, proceeds  
To charge about the cow.

The jury judge as to the facts,  
The court lays down the law ;  
The plaintiff must his case prove true,  
And more by weight of straw.

The jury heard the charge of court,  
Went out to verdict find;  
Eight thought it was defendant's cow—  
Four of different mind.

The four then argued with the eight,  
About disputed cow,  
Till they who for defendant were  
Are for the plaintiff now.

They all then found the cow to be  
The plaintiff's property,  
And into court their verdict brought,  
With solemn gravity.

The plaintiff's lawyer took the cow—  
Took her for his fee;  
His client for his trouble had  
Glorious victory.

Defendant paid the cost of suit—  
Looked down his nose, so sad;  
His lawyer's fee, contingent was—  
He, too, felt whipped and bad.

Those men no longer neighbors were,  
Though living side by side;  
Their foolish lawsuit made them mad—  
Each mad until he died.

## MORAL

Before you into lawsuit go,  
Consider well the cost ;  
Though, even you should gain your suit,  
You find that you have lost.

## A PRISON DREAM

I had a dream ; I dreamed that in a prison  
I awoke, a prisoner ; but of the reason,  
Unconscious—recollecting no wrong done by me—  
My confinement in prison to me a mystery.  
I inquired why there confined—on what ground—  
The jailer said, “you drunk upon the street was found.”  
I drunk upon the street ! Charge false as false could  
be ;-

From alluring cup drop never drank by me.  
Had I not, faithfully, through all my manhood life,  
Fought the dread foe of human kind, in earnest strife ?  
Had I not seen the fairest, grandest sons of earth  
Debauched, ruined, by this evil cursed ?  
Seen crime and ruin from strong drink all o’er our  
land ?

Widows and orphans, by it, weeping, thickly stand ?  
Had I not always shunned the deadly cup of sin,  
As one who thought eternal ruin lurked therein ?  
Feared and abhorred, as viper in the grass,  
Intoxicating liquor in enticing glass ?  
Yes ! Then, why on this false, outrageous charge  
confined ?

I, thus in my reputation good maligned?  
Deprived of liberty, sweet and dear to all,  
Mortified by the disgrace that might me befall?  
My heart with burning, crushing anguish pained;  
Beyond endurance the chords of life seemed strained;  
Then I awoke, gasping, cold, faint and almost dead—  
Thank God! it was but a dream—phantom of the head.

## ETERNITY

Eternity, time evermore,  
An ocean vast, without a shore;  
An ever-flowing, endless stream;  
The great beyond, the yet unseen;  
The ever-coming, ever-here,  
Though ever distant, ever near.  
Like mirage lake, on, on before—  
Beyond, beyond its seeming shore.  
Line running straight, without an end,  
Journey which man shall always wend;  
A space without a border line—  
A passing of unending time.  
Ten million ages past—ten more—  
Eternity, then, on before.

## THE HOLLY

When field and forest nude are seen,  
Stripped of verdure, fresh and green.  
Like oasis in desert sands,  
Whilst all around seems dead and drear,  
The holly, in the forest stands  
In living green, the heart to cheer;  
Its foliage green, its fruitage red,  
No frost or Winter's storms destroy,  
It lives when other trees seem dead,  
And many the heart it fills with joy.  
On festal days the holly take,  
The halls of mirth therewith festoon;  
A badge of same for each heart make,  
For old and those in youthful bloom.



## THE SILENT MILLS

I wandered down the stream which winds  
Along the foot of hills,  
Where years ago, when but a youth,  
Were many running mills.  
The stream much smaller seemed in banks,  
Than many years ago,  
Its murmurs not so sweet to me,  
As then its rippling flow.

The mills no longer standing there—  
Their sites were scarcely found;  
Bright waterfalls no longer dashed,  
Where turning wheels went round;  
The cheerful hum of running mills,  
Then heard throughout the day,  
No longer heard at foot of hills—  
Long since had died away.

I thought of them who those mills run  
(Their milling long since done),  
Their hearts, like wheels of silent mills,  
Long stopped, no more to run.

Mingled with dust of earth they lie,  
Like mills once humming clear ;  
Their voices still as silent mills,  
Us never more to cheer.

The hills looked drear, old and bare,  
No longer green with trees,  
Where once the birds and squirrels home,  
Where hived the honey bees.  
The scene once bright, now cheerless sight,  
No more a pleasing view ;  
To hills and stream of youth's delight,  
I sadly bade adieu.

## THE RAIN

The land had hot and thirsty been,  
The streams were going dry,  
The sun with burning rays had shone,  
Long cloudless was the sky.

The grass in fields was drying up,  
And leaves upon the trees ;  
Flowers withered up had been,  
By dry and scorching breeze.

The kine were lowing in the fields,  
With loud and famished cry ;  
Prayers sincere were going up,  
For rain, to God on high.

No longer sang the birds in grove ;  
The woods on fire had caught ;  
The farmers panic stricken ran,  
In vain the fire they fought.

But lo ! there rises in the west,  
In distance far away,  
A speck, not larger than the hand,  
At burning noon of day.

As time grows on, cloud larger grows,  
Seems nearer to appear,  
'Til soon it spreads above in sky,  
And fills the heart with cheer.

A flash is seen across its face,  
Then comes a deafening roar,  
And soon it spreads above o'erhead,  
Then, rain begins to pour.

The famished earth is soon refreshed,  
The brooks with water fill,  
The fires are out, the birds they sing,  
Herds which lowed are still.

Drooping flowers lift up their stems,  
The grass again looks green,  
And all across broad Nature's face,  
A smile of joy is seen.

The sky again is clear and bright,  
The air is full of rest—  
Thanks to the "Giver of all good,  
Whose rule is for the best."

## THE WOUNDED SPARROW

A wounded sparrow, on the curb,  
Among its mates would feed;  
It fluttered in its helplessness,  
But none would help in need.

A tattered beggar passed that way,  
For crumbs was looking, too;  
He saw the wounded, hungry bird,  
And came to its rescue.

He food held close unto its bill,  
Bound up its broken limb,  
While many a one of passing throng,  
In wonder gazed at him.

And as I mused, I thought of one,  
Who laid at rich man's gate;  
That, as we here shall live and act,  
Depends our future fate.

## REQUESTS OF A DYING BOY

Fold me to sleep, Mother, fold me to sleep,  
And let my heart, Mother, near your heart beat ;  
Though burning with fever, less seems my pain,  
When in your arms folded like infant again.

Kiss me to sleep, Mother, kiss me to sleep,  
And close to my face, your face, Mother, keep ;  
Near me, keep near me, I near you would be—  
Your presence, Mother, sweet comfort to me.

Sing me to sleep, Mother, sing me to sleep,  
Sweeter your voice than birds', sweetest of sweet ;  
The angels will hear you in choirs above—  
Mother ! I love you with heart full of love.

Pray me to sleep, Mother, pray me to sleep,  
I'm weary—so faint—dear Mother, don't weep.  
O Angels ! O Heaven !—haven of rest !  
Mother ! I'll greet you in realms of the blest !

## THE BLESSED RAIN

Above, adown, around, athwart,  
    Zig-zag lightnings played ;  
Clouds of darkness upward loomed,  
    In frown of wrath arrayed.  
Then streams of liquid, blinding fire  
    The dark abyss flashed through,  
And boom of thunders smote the ear,  
    As clouds on storm wings flew.  
From watery clouds, refreshing rain  
    In blessing torrents fell  
Upon the parched, thirsty earth,  
    For man and brute as well.  
The drooping flowers uplift their heads,  
    Nature's refreshed anew,  
The feathered songsters sweetly sing,  
    Their songs of joy renew.  
The Bow of Promise spans the sky,  
    While brightly shines the sun ;  
The clouds have shed the blessed rain  
    For each and every one.

## HOW TO LIVE

Live you should an honest life,  
Treat everybody right ;  
Keep from wrong, should be your strife,  
Here the evil ever fight.

Never struggle to be rich  
Through dishonest means or way ;  
Never money get by filch ;  
Your honest debts always pay.

Never ill of others speak,  
Nor ill repeat, others say,  
Always good of others seek—  
Trouble come from tattling, may.

Live an active, busy life,  
Work at something—nothing do ;  
Oft the idle get in strife,  
Just because no work they do.

If good fortune smiles on you—  
Earthly goods, with plenty blest—  
Be ye, then, to needy true.  
Help the poor and distressed.



Speak a word of kindness, too,  
Always have a smile to give  
To the troubled meeting you,  
Make them happy, as you live.

All have trouble, more or less,  
You, also, may trouble see ;  
Live, some other one to bless,  
Bless, that you may blessed be.

Always strive to do some good,  
Let your motto be, "Do right ;"  
If your Conscience keep you would  
Free from bitter, sinful blight.

Make allowance for the weak—  
None so strong but weakness have ;  
Harshly not of such ones speak,  
Compassion for them, rather, have.

Things that others may have done,  
Which you think you would not do,  
If to you their trials come,  
You, yourself, may prove untrue.

You not always here shall stay,  
Life, at longest, is not long ;  
Live, when dying, you may say,  
"I have strived to do no wrong."

When weak you feel prone to sin—  
    Feel the need of strength and friend—  
Call on God, from heart within—  
    Blessings on you will descend.

## AT A PALACE—THEN AT A CABIN

A traveller, poor and hungry, once, it is said,  
Stopped at a palace, there begged for some bread;  
He got, for his asking, but the shake of the head,  
As they "Nothing for beggars" to 'im scornfully said.  
He next stopped at cabin, where hung a latch string.  
He rapped at the door, it opened within—  
"Be seated," they kindly, to the weary one said,  
"And partake with us here of our butter and bread;  
Not much on our table, and but little in store,  
We share it with you, trust our God to give more."  
Thus oftentimes in homes of the rich and the proud,  
Are hearts found as cold, as if ice, or in shroud,  
While in cabin, though humble, oftentimes we there see  
Those who have hearts full of love, kindness and pity.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OAK

In springtime, in budding, leafing wood,  
A lovely tree in forest stood,  
Clothed with bloom pure, and so white,  
One might see it in darkest night.  
Beside it stood the sturdy oak,  
Whose giant form the storm blasts broke  
From off this meek and lovely tree,  
And from rude storm blasts kept it free.  
It stood in snow white suit beside  
This monarch tree, at evening tide,  
And when the dawn of morning broke  
Upon the form of giant oak,  
There stood close by the monarch's side,  
The dogwood tree, like faithful bride.

## THE OLD GRIST MILL

O, that old grist mill which stood at foot of a hill,  
Its humming, so pleasing, in my ears lingers still,  
As its wheels, in their grinding, went whirling around,  
While the grists of the farmers, in turn each were  
ground.

I can yet hear the splash of waters which fell there  
From buckets of the wheel which turned in the air ;  
Hear chuckling of the waters, in the tail race still,  
That had turned 'round the wheels of that old grist  
mill.

O, the moss covered wheel, of that old grist mill,  
I can see it turning yet at the foot of the hill,  
Till my grist in the hopper was flour in the sack,  
Ready to be taken home on my horse's back.  
Can yet see the miller, all dusted o'er with flour,  
Cheerful as a lark in the early morning hour,  
Ever ready, with smiles, his customers to greet,  
At that old grist mill, where he tolled and ground our  
wheat.

O, the pond, that mill above, such a nice swimming  
pool,

In hot days of summer, its shaded banks so cool ;  
While waiting for grinding, with other farmer boys,  
We bathed in its waters, mingled in our joys.  
Often, with line and pole, and a worm-baited hook,  
From its spring fed waters many a fish I took,  
And loathed to leave, for home, the sports and the place  
Of that old grist mill with its fish pond and its race.

I visited the spot where that old grist mill stood,  
But could scarce find a relic of stone or of wood ;  
The old hill was still there, and above a bright sky,  
But the place so deserted I drew a deep sigh.  
I thought of the miller long since passed away,  
Of boys I once there met, all so happy and gay ;  
Thought of the bygones, till my eyes began to fill,  
And in sadness left the site of that old grist mill.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

I was thinking of my childhood,  
Of days, so happy, long gone by,  
Of father, mother and kindred,  
When I a child beside them nigh ;  
Thinking of the family circle,  
Without one single, vacant chair,  
All so happy there together,  
Then skies of life unclouded were.

I was thinking of the heydays,  
When I to manhood young had grown—  
Ere the frosts of many Winters,  
With grey my hair had thickly sown ;  
Thinking of the then bright future,  
Its trials, sorrows all unknown ;  
All unconscious that life's pathway  
Would with thorns be thickly strewn.

I was thinking of life's battles,  
Still farther down the course of time,  
Of the many sore disasters  
That ofttimes fell to lot of mine ;

Thinking, that to earth, when stricken,  
By some mean foe I did despise,  
Prone again I would be smitten,  
When struggling hard again to rise.

I was thinking, that when trials  
Of this checkered life are o'er,  
They who here shall bravely battle  
Shall rise to fall and die no more ;  
Thinking that dear friends, now absent,  
We all once more may meet again—  
In realms where friends are never parted,  
Where neither sorrow, sin or pain.



FROM PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE  
ATHENIANS

“Ye men of Athens! would ye know—  
Great, learned as ye are—  
O God, Who made this earthly sphere,  
And every shining star?  
Would ye hear tell of something new,  
Or some new thing relate?  
Give heed to me, while you I tell  
Of God, the True and Great.  
Ye bow to gods of wood and stone,  
Carved by hand of man,  
And thus ye would atone for sin,  
But thus you never can.  
Your anxious souls have led you to  
Erect an altar here;  
‘To the unknown god inscribed,’  
The only God to fear.  
Of Him, I now here speak to you,  
Creator of all things —  
This earth, heaven, all that is,  
From Him creation springs.  
‘For in Him we live and move, and  
Have our being,’ and here,

Now, unto every one of you,  
This God is very near.  
No longer worship idols now—  
Him, only, should you serve.  
Repent, this God your souls will save—  
For His Son's sake preserve."

## THE SENSES

By Nature, all our senses are  
Great avenues outstretching far—  
Conduits to each soul below,  
Through which both pain and pleasure flow.  
The eye views starry field of space,  
Brings back to it, where set in face,  
A photographic view of skies,  
Where man's eternal welfare lies.  
It looks abroad on Nature's face,  
Sees worlds of beauty framed in space,  
Ten thousand lovely pictures there,  
By Nature mounted everywhere.  
With harmonies the world resounds,  
Throughout its wide, far-reaching bounds,  
That fill the ear with music sweet,  
As sounds symphonious, blending, meet.  
Sweet the air with scent of flowers,  
Which bud and bloom with summer showers,  
And aromatic, fruitful groves  
Sweeten the wind which through them blows.  
Prolific Nature, here and there,

Flavors bounteous doth prepare,  
Man's every taste to gratify,  
His every need to satisfy.  
And each and all a feeling find,  
Standing sentinel to the mind,  
From injury and death to guard,  
As through life travelling onward.

## CITY OF THE DEAD

Great city of the sleeping dead,  
We pause on thy threshold,  
Thy grave lined streets with lettered slabs,  
In solemn thought behold.

Thy denizens, beneath the sod,  
In countless number lie,  
While all that live, and are to live,  
Must, also, surely die.

As pilgrims here upon this earth,  
We travel up and down,  
Our journeys end ; abiding place,  
In grave, at last, is found.

Though here and there pretentious rise  
Some monuments on high ;  
Once great and rich, who, sleeping here,  
Poor as dead slaves nearby.

At last all men are gathered here  
Upon equality,  
To wait the Resurrection call  
Into eternity.

There, on that great and solemn day,  
God's throne appear before,  
Each to answer for his acts—  
Be judged forevermore.

## LEVIATHAN OF THE DEEP

His home is in the briny deep,  
O'er which the storms in fury sweep,  
He sinks below the mountain waves,  
The gallant tar so nobly braves.  
Now floating to the surface nigh,  
And spouting water at the sky,  
Then sinking down to watery vales,  
While ships above unfurl their sails ;  
Then mountains o'er, within the sea,  
With fluke and fins he sports in glee.  
Both day and night, in ocean home,  
Leviathan through sea to roam.  
Of all the finny tribes is he  
The monarch of the wide, deep sea.

## GOD IS EVERYWHERE

Eternal God! Omnipotent, on high,  
Heaven thy throne, Thy footstool earth below;  
Though unseen by natural, human eye,  
In Thy works we Thou ever present know.  
We gaze into infinity of space,  
See thousand distant worlds encircling there,  
Without a jar they move in circle race,  
Through years eternal in Thy constant care.  
Thou, mindful of this terrestrial sphere,  
The seasons in succession come and go,  
Thou, omnipresent—with us ever here—  
Thou everywhere, above, around, below.  
O God, though of Thy presence unaware,  
We always in Thy kind, protecting care.



## ADDRESS TO A DEAD INEBRIATE

Dead at last ! yes, poor drunkard, dead !  
To ruin by strong drink been led.  
Body wrecked—perhaps the soul—  
By potions drank from liquor bowl.  
Life's pathway strewn with broken hearts—  
Lived life of aches, pains and smarts—  
Thy life been one of sin and shame  
Since to thy lips the tempter came.  
Thy parents, broken-hearted, sighed ;  
O'er thy fall they mourned and cried ;  
Thy wife and children made to mourn—  
Their hearts, with anguish, by thee torn.  
I saw thee once, a man of wealth,  
Upon thy cheeks the bloom of health ;  
I see thee now, cold, dead and pale,  
While wife and children, wretched, wail.  
I saw thee when erect thou stood,  
A man of honor, true and good ;  
I see thee now, as here you lie,  
Dishonored, dead, unfit to die.  
Why have you thus a life so lived—  
All your dearest friends so grieved ?

Why thus so blasted your life here,  
And lives of those to you most dear?  
Your fortune spent for fiery drink,  
Wife and children on ruin's brink?  
Made earth to them a world of woe,  
As they through life distracted go?  
Good reputation blighted, gone,  
Thy wreck sad sight to look upon;  
Widow and children want for bread,  
While you lie here a drunkard, dead.  
Methinks some others are to blame  
For this, thy death in sin and shame—  
Methinks the God of earth and sky  
Holds others guilty in His eye.  
Where spent thy fortune? For what spent?  
Who got same? You to ruin sent?  
Robbed thy wife and children dear,  
Of home, content and welfare here?  
Along the pathway of this life,  
Many the lairs of sin and strife,  
Where wine cup, and the liquor bowl  
Entice the man, and curse his soul.  
In these your fortune you have spent,  
For it to ruin have been sent.  
Are not those, who thus took from you  
Your fortune, hopes and good name, too,

In sight of God, who rules on high,  
Guilty, because in death you lie?  
You, foolish, sought the adder's sting,  
Well knowing that it might death bring—  
They who held adder out to you,  
With deadly sting, are guilty, too.

## THANKSGIVING

Thankful should all the people be  
For each his share in God's bounty,  
For God's blessings, with which each blest,  
Undeserving are the very best.  
He makes the sun to shine for all,  
The blessed rain for all to fall,  
The breath of life doth freely give  
In atmosphere in which we live.  
The seasons in their turn to come,  
With harvests rich in the Autumn.  
God spreads bright skies overhead above,  
Rules all in mercy and with love.  
With richest blessings all would bless,  
In His great, impartial goodness.  
For sinners all, since Adam's fall,  
The same redemption made for all—  
Eternal life, with blood of Son,  
Purchased for each and every one.  
Thankful each one should ever be  
For this Salvation, for each free.  
No rich or poor, as such are known,  
Who supplicate the heavenly throne—

The gate to heaven always ajar  
To mortals all, who Christians are.  
Then, thankful we should always be,  
Either rich or poor, bond or free,  
Whatever condition, state or rank,  
For much, each has his God to thank.

## THE BLUEBIRDS

The bluebirds came in early Spring—  
Were looking for a home—  
Flew about on fluttering wing,  
And sang in courting tone ;  
Searched in trees, peeped about  
In corners all around ;  
When night had come, the sun gone down,  
No home they yet had found.

Ere morning sun had rose again ;  
I built for them a home  
Back of a knot-hole in a rail,  
Then stood it out alone.  
When morning came, I early 'rose,  
Watched for birds in blue,  
And when the sun came shining up,  
They to that knot-hole flew.

Happy pair, they fluttered there,  
Cooed in tones so sweet,  
At once began to furnish home,  
Fixed it up so neat.

Little family of birds blue,  
Then soon were living there,  
And in and out that knot-hole flew,  
The parents—happy pair.

But sad to tell, an old tomcat,  
In home of birds in blue,  
Like murderer, at dead of night,  
Thrust paw that knot-hole through;  
Killed young family of bluebirds—  
The hearts of parents broke;  
They sat in tree, with drooping wings,  
In song no longer spoke.

## SPRING

The robin's song—sweet harbinger of Spring—  
Is heard again—in early morn he sings;  
Twitterings of mated bluebirds we hear,  
And notes of meadowlark o'er head on wings.  
The sun his warmer rays now downward sheds,  
The frozen brooks and rills unlocks; the earth,  
No longer cold with Winter's snow and frost,  
To sweet violets, at our feet, gives birth.  
We see the bursting buds of shrubs and trees,  
The verdant fields, we feel the balmy breeze,  
All Nature now consorts the heart to cheer,  
A thousand feathered throats about us sing,  
Joy fills the heart, bright hopes inspire us all—  
Winter is gone, succeeds the balmy Spring.



## SUMMER

Full foliated now are the forest trees ;  
Collecting honey from flowers, the bees ;  
Blades of growing corn wave in seas of green ;  
Fields of grain ripen in sun's golden gleams.  
The harvest time of year is drawing nigh,  
And Mother Earth, beneath a smiling sky,  
Refreshed from time to time, by blessed rain,  
Bears on her fertile bosom wealth of grain.  
The farmer prospects bright in harvest sees,  
In grain, in herb, in fruit of vines and trees,  
For his reward he sees a harvest great,  
And reaps till garners fill to fullest state,  
And then, with load the last—the harvest o'er—  
He shouts his praises, doth his God adore.

## AUTUMN

The hills are crowned with a golden glow,  
Sparkling streams winding through the valleys flow,  
The woodlands are dressed in garbs of gold—  
Now, the year fast passing, and growing old.  
Now, the ripe fruit falls from the boughs above;  
Flocking together the birds, we so dearly love,  
For flight from Winter's storms till comes the Spring,  
When they may nest again, and sweetly sing.  
The rapturous days of the Autumn time,  
Will now soon lead on to a wintry clime,  
Of forests and fields, cheerless, nude and bare,  
Bereft of beauty and of balmy air.  
But it so thus must be, that time may bring,  
When Winter is gone, back the balmy Spring.

## WINTER

The Spring has come and gone again,  
Summer and Autumn too,  
And now the winds, with chilling blast,  
The leafless trees blow through.

The birds of song to milder clime  
Have winged their flight away,  
The sun no longer warmly shines  
With downward, darting ray.

Earth in snowy shroud is garbed,  
As with a winding sheet,  
And angry clouds, above the head,  
In stormy passage fleet.

The flocks and herds no longer graze  
In fields of living green,  
All Nature wears an icy face,  
No rosy tint is seen.

The flowers dead, destroyed lie  
In Winter's cold embrace,  
A bleak and cheerless atmosphere  
Pervades surrounding space.

It will not thus so always be—  
Springtime again will come,  
Unlock the frozen brooks and rills,  
With warming rays of sun,

Remove the snowy winding sheet  
From breast of Mother Earth,  
Warm up the frozen soil beneath,  
To flowers again give birth ;

Bring back the birds, with their sweet notes,  
To fields and forests green,  
And fill the land with joy and song  
It thus has always been.

## "PITY POOR ME"

He was sick, pale and faint, he had no earthly joy—  
No father, no mother—just a poor orphan boy.  
He on a cot lay, and his fever raged high;  
As his little breast heaved with heart-breaking sigh,  
He said, "Pity poor me!"

His breath was getting short, his heart was beating  
fast,  
His little body writhed in fever's hottest blast;  
With beseeching look, his lips were seen to part,  
And in tone of voice, which would touch the hardest  
heart,  
He said, "Pity poor me!"

At last on his brow stood great beads of clammy sweat,  
No longer fever fires hot, his poor body fret;  
Closed were his eyes, hands were folded on his breast,  
Then the poor orphan boy sank to eternal rest,  
Gasping, "Pity poor me!"

## OLD FRIENDS MEET.

Dear old friend, and is it you,  
Or do my eyes deceive?  
Near forty years, since last we met,  
I verily believe!  
I'm glad to meet you, so I am;  
To see you well and here—  
I've thought of you so many times  
In each and every year.

Let me see! The time last we met,  
It now occurs to me,  
Was just before I left my home,  
Away at school to be,  
You, soon thereafter, also left,  
Westward moved away,  
And since that time we have not met  
Until we met today.

You say, you have been back again  
To visit old home place—  
That few you found there living now,  
Of once familiar face;

That many old landmarks are gone,  
And many old friends dear,  
Since you and I the last time met,  
Until our meeting here.

You went, you say, to church yard grounds—  
To graves of dear ones dead—  
A crumbling tombstone to replace  
By new one there instead;  
That nearly all those once you knew  
In days of youth gone by,  
No longer here—dead and gone—  
And in the churchyard lie.

That children you a welcome gave,  
Of those whom once you knew,  
As you names of their parents spoke—  
Old friends tried and true;  
While, still, the few remaining there,  
Who well remembered you,  
The hand of friendship gladly gave,  
And welcomed you anew.

It grieves me much to hear you speak  
(With sorrow makes me sad)  
Of loss of children kind and sweet,  
The dear wife which you had.

You say, that three score years and ten,  
So long your life has been;  
I'm glad we met, we part\_ once more,  
I hope to meet again.



## THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER

Whose grave is this?  
Who sleeping lies  
Here in this lone, secluded spot?  
When was it made?  
What mourner there,  
Whose name forget the world will not?

When grave was made,  
Long years ago,  
And cold in death the mother laid,  
The son was there  
To mourn his loss,  
While friendly neighbors gave their aid.

The years roll on,  
That humble son  
Stands on topmost cliff of fame—  
A peer without  
In men's career—  
Above them all is Lincoln's name.

Historic spot,  
On face of earth,  
The grave where Lincoln's mother lies.  
Her humble son  
A glory won  
Beneath his own and foreign skies.

And thus we learn,  
While here we view  
The resting place of humble wife,  
True greatness came,  
Mankind was blest,  
By birth of one in obscure life.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Republic swayed as if to fall,  
The fires of disunion fiercely burned,  
Anxious eyes of loyal people turned  
To one most trusted of defenders all.  
Nor did those loyal freemen trust in vain—  
There stood the destined man at helm of State,  
To save this Nation from destructive fate  
Of internecine war on land and main.  
Steady his hand, and wise this man of brain,  
But when the smoke of war had cleared from sky,  
And our Flag victorious waved on high,  
By hand of villain the great Lincoln slain—  
Inscribed, indelibly, his fair name  
On world wide page of immortal fame.

## JAMES A. GARFIELD

Towering before were the cliffs of fame;  
On highest point of the rugged ascent,  
Unaided by wealth or royal descent,  
An humble youth would there record his name.  
Niche by niche, step by step, he carves and climbs,  
Such was his noble character—high aims—  
That he successively success attains,  
'Til on apex highest himself he finds.  
Chief Executive of a Nation Great,  
He ruled with ability and renown,  
That to this country's glory did redound;  
He graced his position high of State.  
Garfield was a great hero in life's strife,  
But the lowest wretch took this hero's life.

## WILLIAM McKINLEY

Our ruler slain, the Nation stands aghast.

    An assassin one hand as friend extends,

    With the other a deadly missile sends,

And deep gloom and sorrow the land o'ercast.

Nor does this people only bow in grief—

    All the world throughout, nations far and near,

    With regret the deepest the sad news hear,

And mourn with us the loss of our great chief.

Well might all people mourn the wide world o'er!

    For man the friend of all mankind was he,

    A noble son of this Land of Liberty—

His counterpart on earth may be no more.

    "Thy will be done," "Nearer my God to Thee!"

    These words enshrine McKinley's memory.

## SPEAK KINDLY

Speak kindly, harshly unto no one speak,  
In gentle voice is recognized a friend;  
Harsh words, upon the feelings of us all,  
Grate—oft to tender friendship been the end.  
Speak kindly, you will always better feel,  
Regardless of the person spoken to;  
He who to you an enemy would be,  
By words of kindness, friend will be to you.  
Speak kindly, words of kindness wound no one,  
Often a balm to heal a bleeding heart;  
A cold, heartless, stony heart men shun—  
Warm-hearted friends, from them we would not  
part.  
Speak kindly, kindness sweetens cup of life;  
Where its sweet influence, no bitter strife.

## "THERE IS NO DISCHARGE IN THAT WAR"

At his birth man is enlisted  
For Life's battle, short or long;  
Many strifes throughout the struggle,  
In Life's pathway all along.  
Man comes crying to the conflict,  
In his weakness and distress,  
Often dying in the battle,  
In his infant helplessness.

Some the battle fight still longer,  
With the bloom of youth on cheek,  
All unconscious of near danger,  
And of foes they have to meet.  
Suddenly, the rose is blighted,  
Pallid grows the ruddy face,  
Cold the heart in youthful ardour,  
Ended at the grave Life's race.

In strong manhood others battle  
On the stiring field of strife—  
Seem victorious in the struggle,  
In the strength of manhood life;

But death's darts are thickly flying,  
Ever from a hidden foe,  
Piercing hearts with deadly arrows,  
And in manhood death lays low.

Some fight on in heat of battle,  
Foot-sore, wounded, limp along;  
White their heads, they see but dimly,  
Days of warfare now not long.  
One by one the grey old soldiers,  
Each and all defeated are;  
Death, o'er all, at last victorious,  
For "No discharge in that war."

But if man shall fight Life's battles  
A true soldier of the Cross,  
Death to him will be a victory,  
"Sting of Death" will bring no loss.  
In that great "Eternal City"—  
In the armies of the skies—  
Shouting there, in hallelujahs  
Ever there his voice shall rise.



## THE FALL OF MAN

When God had finished this world fair,  
And saw that "It was very good,"  
He planted garden, eastward, there,  
Of fruitful trees and shady wood.  
In His own image, God made man,  
And pure and upright He made him,  
To live in Eden's rosyland  
Its trees of green to keep, therein.  
Man was to eat of every tree,  
Except the one in which midst grew;  
To eat of this, no longer free  
From sin and death should be the two.  
The upright Adam, sinless Eve,  
Had happy home in Eden land,  
No faults they had their souls to grieve—  
They perfect were from Maker's hand.  
Of sin they were entirely free,  
Would know not evil from the good,  
'Til fruit they tasted of the tree,  
That give to them a knowledge would.  
In serpent-form the tempter came:  
He said, "Ye shall not surely die!"  
Forbidden fruit—Eve ate the same,

And Adam ate—believed the lie.  
The eyes of both were open now;  
This world became a world of sin.  
At voice of God, of, "Where art thou?"  
The sinner Adam hides within.  
The sinner cannot hide from God,  
He must come forth and meet his doom,  
Submit to the avenging rod,  
And suffer sin's impending gloom.  
Sorrow shall wring the woman's heart,  
Man's face shall sweat, his bread shall earn,  
The ground be cursed, "For dust thou art,  
And unto dust thou shalt return."  
And out of Eden, God drove man,  
A tiller of the soil to be,  
And put him under mortal ban,  
For eating from forbidden tree.

## HAPPINESS

Happiness, where and how shall it be found?  
Oft those possess it not, who have been crowned;  
In palaces, many wretched live therein—  
More so by far than poor their huts within.  
Many so-called pleasures give but pain;  
When man has tasted he finds them but vain.  
·Lazy idleness and indulgent ease,  
Much will be found therein that will displease.  
Upon the topmost pinnacle of fame,  
Oft there men find pleasure but in the name.  
It is not in wealth, ease, power or fame  
That man shall here true happiness obtain;  
But he shall here of it be destitute,  
Unless, in consciousness of rectitude.

## THE OLD HOME

How dear the home of days of early life!  
Now, in manhood's state, amid scenes of strife,  
In sweet memories of past pleasures there,  
Old home comes back to us in pictures fair.  
We see, in recollections, old folks dear,  
The streams, hills, fields and groves again appear  
In panoramic view before our eyes,  
Which surrounded old home neath smiling skies.  
Though often bright the skies, still, there above,  
The scenes yet fair around we used to love.  
The dearest objects have passed away, .  
And our childhood home crumbles in decay—  
Still, we love to think of the old home dear,  
Though, while we think, we shed many a tear.

## INDIANA, THE POCKET STATE

Of Indiana we are proud—

Proud of our native State;  
Though all her sisters comely are,  
Not one of them her mate.

Though not so large in size is she,  
As sisters fair and many,  
But when it comes to wealth and shape,  
Her equal—is there any?

You gaze at her upon the map,  
Adjoining states between;  
From North to South, in Pocket shape,  
Her form, so fair, is seen.

And in this Pocket State are held  
Riches so great and vast,  
That if her sister States should need,  
Not long their wants need last.

Upon her bosom, fertile, fair,  
The richest harvests grow;  
A fruitful land of trees and vines,  
Where sparkling waters flow.

No brighter skies o'er head above,  
Air, purer, lungs inflate;  
Than (take the seasons in their turn)  
We have in Pocket State.

You draw a line from North to South,  
Across from East to West;  
The population center found  
In Pocket State to rest.

The central State of Nation's wealth,  
And population too,  
She is the great Magnetic State—  
Magnetic through and through.

Her daughters fairest of the fair—  
God bless them every one!  
No better women anywhere  
Beneath the stars or sun.

And when it comes to men of brains—  
You look the country o'er,  
You find the men of Pocket State  
Of foremost men the fore.

Her people loyal, true, and brave,  
For Right they dare to do;  
At home, abroad, where'er their Flag,  
They to "Old Glory" true.

Of Indiana we are proud,  
Proud of our Pocket State;  
In her, God's blessings rich abound  
That make her truly great.

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## I'M FREE, AND NOT A SLAVE

When I was young and of years tender;  
Long time ago;  
Now I can very well remember  
Things that then pained me so.  
My father wore the chains of slavery,  
And Mother, too.  
It was in the days of cruel knavery,  
The black man no freedom knew.

## CHORUS.

O, my heart now glad and joyous!  
I'm free and not a slave!  
I see a banner waving o'er us—  
Flag of the free and the brave.

Down in the Sunny South we labored  
In cottonfield;  
By freedom's banner were not favored,  
Our labor to others yield.

There, fettered with the chains of bondage,  
No hope to cheer,  
There forced to yield to master homage,  
To work for him, also fear.

[Chorus.

Our master sick, dead and buried—  
No longer there—  
We to the auction block were hurried—  
Nor longer together were.  
There, with the cattle of dead master,  
Parted and sold;  
We cried, but as tears fell faster,  
“Useless your crying,” were told.

[Chorus.

Father, mother and children parted,  
There in great grief,  
To distant parts of country started,  
Each for the other to weep.  
We from the old plantation taken,  
No longer there;  
For other each our hearts were breaking,  
Our parting we could not bear.

[Chorus.



But came a day of Joyful Greeting  
To our sad hearts;  
There came to us a happy meeting,  
When Sherman for sea shore starts.  
We saw the Flag of Freedom waving,  
High in the sky,  
From cruel fate of slavery saving—  
To each others arms we fly!

[Chorus.

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### ALL ARE CONDEMNED

Under final sentence, condemned are all,  
And unalterable is the decree;  
From its sweeping scope, one not even free—  
All, each and all engulfed in the fall.  
Wide spread the infection—immune are none;  
Common heritage of all men is sin;  
Possessed of it the heart of each within—  
None free from the malady, no, not one,  
Die! Yes, each and every one must die!  
Soon, at farthest, comes the fatal day,  
And when it comes there may be no delay,  
Death will not pass the condemned sinner by.  
He may pardon have that his soul will save,  
But no pardon to save him from the grave,

## GOOD DORCAS

Good Dorcas, for the poor and needy sewed—  
Not rich in this world's goods of which to give,  
And thereby in the public gaze to live—  
Just a true friend in need, by widows viewed.  
Good Dorcas died, as die must each and all,  
There, gathered at her unpretentious bier,  
Those who there would shed regretful tear  
For her, who rested at the Master's call.  
Good Dorcas, dead, still lives the ages down,  
A life immortal, for her needle deeds,  
That, who in "Book of Books" thereof reads,  
May learn that humble stitcher may wear crown—  
Crown that he or she may forever wear,  
When heads of kings shall of their crowns be bare.

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## TO GATE ALWAYS AJAR

From ever flowing stream of time,  
To gate always ajar,  
Voyagers, in unending line,  
Debark from near and far;

But like a sea, expansive, long,  
Which rivers fail to fill,  
The ever disembarking throng  
Finds room, yet more room still.

Of every age, from every clime,  
Of races all of earth;  
Each has journeyed in his time,  
Unto this gate, from birth;  
While all that live, and yet unborn,  
'Neath circuit of the sun,  
Shall travel from life's early morn,  
'Til here they shall have come.

At last, when time no more shall be,  
When Trumpet Last shall sound,  
All sleeping here, by God's decree,  
Shall forth come from the ground;  
In one vast host, before God's Throne,  
For final judgment stand;  
May then the blood of Christ atone  
For each at God's right hand.

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#### HE GAVE HIM NAUGHT

In city rich, to greatness grown,  
Man's wife was lying sick;  
They to the people were unknown;  
Her pulse was low and quick.

The husband, once a soldier brave,  
His country's battles fought,  
His blood had shed the Flag to save,  
It forth in victory brought.

The war was o'er, the victory won,  
Brave soldier home with wife—  
His duty to his country done,  
Returned to legal strife.

The strength of his young manhood spent,  
In years of bloody war,  
Crippled soldier, back he went.  
To battle at the bar.

He had a faithful, loving wife,  
But little worldly wealth;  
He had brave heart for civil strife,  
If only blest with health.

But sickness came, wife failing fast,  
By fever's burning breath;  
He now had spent his penny last,  
The dear wife nearing death.

A stranger in a world of greed,  
Beside a dying wife,  
The husband stood alone, in need,  
Nothing to lengthen life.

In want and sorrow, far from bold,  
He went upon the street  
To beg, his case of distress told  
To man the first to meet.

The man, his story heard in brief,  
But only rebuff gave;  
He, broken-hearted, wept with grief,  
The soldier, once so brave.

Back to the bed of dying wife  
He went, no sorrow there;  
She smiled, the last sweet smile of life,  
His wife in angels' care.

The man he met upon the street,  
His conscience would not rest,  
Wished he could the beggar meet,  
Give, help, himself be blest.

He found the soldier with his dead,  
Life's greatest battle fought,  
And scalding tears in showers shed,  
Because he gave him naught.

## WORK

“Work while it is day;” it is God’s desire.  
He or she who this life fritters away  
In idleness, is entitled to no pay,  
Where laborer found “worthy of his hire.”  
“In sweat of his face man shall earn his bread.”  
The indolent here, either poor or rich,  
In great day of reward, no matter which,  
By their works will be judged, so it is said.  
Work! “The night cometh when no man can work.”  
Rest from labor but fresh strength to gain—  
The work before, but to renew again—  
For no reward for those who labor shirk.  
He, who final plaudit, “well done,” would hear,  
Must work—God’s bidding do this side the bier.

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## MAN

“What is man that Thou art mindful of him?”  
Man, weak, puny, ever dependent man,  
The earthly life of whom is but a span,  
His self exalted greatness but a whim.  
Weakling he enters theater of life,  
Nursed in his youth, then to manhood grows,  
A little while to live—how long, who knows?

Then exit makes from his brief scene of strife.  
In view of objects vast creation 'round,  
Helpless, short-lived, dependent man can see,  
Of all, how small an object he must be—  
In immensity of space scarce be found.  
Though little, and short-lived here, however,  
Man may live through coming æons ever.

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## FOR OR AGAINST

“He that is not with Me is against Me”—  
Not positive, we negative must be;  
Our influence either for weal or woe,  
If not for good, evil the more will grow.  
In life, no middle ground on which to stand;  
To action duty calls on either hand.  
Life's a battle, all soldiers we must be,  
Or else, as cowards base, from duty flee.  
Each, his example sets the world before,  
And like begets its like the more and more.  
Each noncombatant, in the face of sin,  
Makes harder for right against wrong to win.  
To be a servant each his Lord must serve,  
Nor to the right or left from duty swerve.

“WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?”

“What shall I do to be saved?” Saved  
From the sin by which all are enslaved?  
Saved from the sting of the serpent of sin,  
That poisons the heart of each bosom within?  
“Behold I stand at the door and knock!” Knock,  
Knock! Will you door of your heart unlock  
To Saviour, who there stands pleading without?  
Bid Him enter, nor wait longer without?  
Let Him there sup with you, you sup with Him,  
You let this Stranger your heart dwell within?  
If so, then forever out goes your sin  
Through heart’s open door that lets Saviour in.  
Thus saved, forever saved then you shall be,  
Thus your soul saved throughout eternity.



## THE DELUGE

When man with age had hoary grown,  
With sin and crime the earth had sown,  
God with him was greatly grieved,  
Because of sin in which he lived.  
God saw man's wickedness was great,  
Then resolved—decreed his fate.  
It grieved, that He, man had made,  
From face of Earth he now should fade,  
Among the men of sinful lust,  
Noah, the one man perfect and just—  
In eyes of God, the Lord, found grace,  
The only one of human race.  
God said to him, as there he stood,  
“Make thee an Ark of gopher wood,”  
And great and strong the same to make,  
A cargo large thereinto take.  
And soon this Ark he should begin;  
Pitch it without, and pitch within,  
All flesh on earth destroyed should be,  
The earth should covered be by sea.  
Soon floods of waters down should pour,  
The sea should be without a shore.  
The Ark was made, as God had said—

Into the same the beasts were led;  
The creeping things, the fowls of air,  
From coming storm found shelter there.  
Of every living beast of earth  
In pairs came in for future birth.  
Also of fowls in number seven,  
Came in pairs from air of heaven.  
Also by twos the creeping things,  
The will of God to Noah brings.  
And Noah was to take of food,  
Enough for all, such as was good.  
Noah, his wife, three sons, their wives—  
In number all, eight human lives,  
By grace of God a passage took  
In Ark on drowning world to look.  
God shut them in from furious storm,  
Through which the Ark was to be borne.  
Dark, storm clouds then o'ercast the sky,  
The birds in air distracted fly;  
Dire lightnings flash, dread thunders boom,  
The world's engulfed in awful gloom.  
The beasts of forest and of farm  
Together gather with alarm,  
And serpents dart forth here and there,  
Hissing in rage in lightning's glare.  
O, terror! fearful to each soul,  
At thunder's crash and deafening roll.

The men by millions, women too,  
And children terror stricken grew;  
They lift their voices to the skies,  
Which darkness now obscures from eyes.  
Too late! their prayer upward goes,  
The sinful world still darker grows,  
And louder still is yet their cry.  
Too late! too late! they all must die.  
The storm then bursts with fury strong,  
To rage and wreck for period long.  
Down pours the waters from the skies;  
The fountains rushing upward rise;  
The raging flood swept up in swell,  
But all within the Ark was well.  
Cities rocked, swayed and sank,  
Their sites became a watery blank,  
And soon vast gulfs of waters roll,  
To sweep from earth each living soul.  
The lowlands first submerged become;  
For higher points the living run;  
No sooner there than chasing waves  
Sweep many more to watery graves:  
Then higher up the living wind,  
The topmost point of land to find,  
And savage beasts and serpents there,  
The last of battles, fighting were,  
And, man, once ruler of them all,

In life's last battle had his fall.  
The waters surge and higher rise  
Upward towards the angry skies;  
They reach the Ark and up it bear  
Above the highest hills which were.  
Still higher rises up the flood,  
'Til mountains under water stood,  
'Til living monsters of the deep,  
Through water over mountains sweep.  
Above the highest point of land,  
God safely keeps the Ark in hand.  
Still higher up the waters rise,  
'Til highest mountain covered lies;  
Above the earth a boisterous sea,  
Strewn abroad with a world's debris.  
O, awful scene in lightning's glare  
Upon the waves which ruin bear!  
A sinful world had perished there,  
Its wreck and ruin everywhere.  
For forty days and forty nights,  
The storm shut out the shining lights;  
All that lived on earth, in air,  
No longer had existence there—  
They lie beneath a deluge wave  
In one world-wide, watery grave.  
The sea! the sea! was everywhere,  
Earth's denizens lie buried there.

The only living that did not die,  
Are there in Ark that floats on high.  
The wreck complete the wide world o'er,  
Downward the waters cease to pour.  
God's avenged—a sinful race  
On earth no longer has a place.  
A wind the storm clouds drives away,  
The floods recede then day by day  
'Til left on mountain top above,  
The Ark from which went forth the dove  
The olive leaf in beak to bring  
As back it came on flying wing;  
Then "Noah knew" the earth was dry,  
That floods no longer were on high.  
Then, forth from Ark at God's command,  
All the saved on dry land stand,  
On new washed earth to multiply,  
No more by flood to sink and die—  
For God, His Bow of Promise set  
In clouds above where storm clouds met,  
That floods again should not destroy  
"All flesh" on earth—to man's great joy.

“WHAT IF A MAN SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE  
WORLD?”

And “what if a man shall gain the whole world?”  
Gain in one way and lose in another—  
Robbing his soul by robbing some brother—  
Into misery thereby be self hurled.  
If Mammon man’s god whom he worships here,  
All the wealth of the world laid at his feet,  
May rob him of sleep, unfit him to eat,  
Fill all his life here with torment and fear.  
Wealth unenjoyed, at last to be lost!  
How foolish for man to spend his brief life,  
But money to horde in self-greedy strife,  
That must end soon, as by death-killing frost—  
Lost! Lost! Yes, lost are all fortunes at last;  
Death-clutching hand never fortune held fast.

---

SIN

“Thou art the man!” Nathan to David said:  
The King himself convicted sinner there—  
Himself the culprit—his great sins must bear,  
The King must suffer for Uriah dead.  
Suffer for sin it ever so must be,

Remorse will ever gnaw at guilty heart,  
'Til tender chords of life asunder part,  
And set imprisoned soul of sinner free.  
The guilty cannot hide from sight of God—  
A troubled life for sin King David led,  
In tears and sorrow lived with bowed head;  
His Maker smote with an avenging rod,  
The vilest men may to heaven aspire—  
David was saved—saved, "yet, so as by fire."

---

## NOW FOLD HER HANDS UPON HER BREAST

Now fold her hands upon her breast,  
Her sands of life have run;  
From toil and troubles she's at rest,  
On earth her life work done.

By mother, and by her alone,  
Widow of husband dead;  
Her children, helpful not yet grown,  
By her they must be fed.

By day, by night, through many years,  
Her hands have toiled for bread,  
And many scalding, bitter tears  
In sorrow she has shed.

Alone life's battles she has fought  
In world of selfish greed,  
Where rich and strong have little thought  
Of poor and weak in need.

With all the strength of her frail life,  
She toiled for children dear,  
Her life worn out in widow's strife,  
In death she now lies here.

A mother's love—the truest love—  
She had within her breast.  
Fold now her hands her heart above—  
Forever she may rest.

---

### THE COMMON SENSE DOCTOR

I knew a doctor, when a boy;  
A dun brown mare he rode;  
He astride—she always walked—  
His heels the only goad.

His pill bags, all his pockets were,  
No leather case he had,  
He read few books or magazines,  
In common clothes was clad.



He never in a hurry was  
    When any one was sick,  
He rode his dun brown mare in walk—  
    Her walk it was not quick.

And when he came to bed of sick,  
    There, somewhat rough he was;  
Always asked the tongue to see,  
    The pulse would feel—then pause.

Then out would take his pocket knife,  
    Some powders small would dose—  
Then mount again his dun brown mare,  
    With heels to her flanks close.

Some thought this man a doctor great—  
    Could almost raise the dead—  
No other doctor smart as he,  
    When one was sick—in bed.

And it did seem that he had luck,  
    When called to see the sick;  
In many cases they got well,  
    This doctor cured them quick.

Though not a man of learning great,  
    But man of judgment good;  
When doctors of great learning failed,  
    This doctor, cure, he could.

And so, a little common sense,  
In men's affairs throughout,  
Is better far, than learning great,  
If common sense without.

---

## SUMMER MORN, NOON AND NIGHT

## MORN

The cock crows, it is coming morn,  
In Orient new day is born;  
The streaming light, of rising sun,  
In golden beams heavenward run,  
And gilds the field of eastern sky,  
From horizon to dome on high.  
The flocks and herds of field and plain,  
There graze with relish fresh again,  
On herbage sweet, with dew-drops hung,  
Like million pearls the blades among.  
The birds, with breaking of the day,  
No longer rest, but fly away;  
They in their many notes of song,  
Sing sweetly, as the morn grows on.  
The farmer, from his couch of rest,  
Byslumber sweet through night been blest,  
Again his daily toil renews,  
As rising sun in east he views.

The silent city wakes to life—  
From hush and din of busy strife;  
Again the wheels of business run,  
Another day's work to be done,  
And thus, on Summer week day morn,  
The world awakes each new day born,  
Man's daily task again begun,  
To last till setting of the sun.

## NOON

The sun is blazing in the sky,  
From zenith point he flames on high;  
His flashing rays sheds down below,  
On man and beast in golden flow.  
Now the noon time repast is spread,  
The beasts of burden would be fed,  
And man and they forth homeward go  
With weary limbs and pace that's slow.  
The thirsty brutes fill themselves within  
From trough with water filled to brim,  
And draw long breath that seems to thank  
For quenched thirst, by water drank,  
Then to their stalls, by keeper led,  
By him, in manger, there well fed,  
The hungry beasts from plough and field,  
Feed there and rest new strength to yield.  
The farmer bathes his hands and face,

At well spread board then takes his place,  
And thankful for rich blessings spread  
There bows the head while Grace is said.  
The good housewife and daughters fair,  
Around the board are gathered there,  
With helping hands and smiling face,  
Make dining hall a pleasant place.  
The repast o'er, in shade of tree,  
Awhile all rest from sunbeams free,  
Then, forth again, till eve to toil,  
Go man and beast to till the soil.

## NIGHT

The shadows of the night draw nigh,  
The sun is low in western sky;  
The toilers' day's work once more done,  
Days of toil less another one.  
Steps by man are homeward turned,  
In peaceful rest all are concerned;  
The fowls of air to perches fly;  
The beasts of field there resting lie,  
And all is still and calm—no light,  
But of moon and stars of silent night.  
Now gently wave in zephyr breeze  
The pendent leaves of shrub and tree;  
The herbage of the field and plain,  
Heaven's sweet dews refresh again.

At midnight, when the darkest gloom  
O'erspreads the earth—the silver moon  
Shines in beauty, queen of night,  
Beams on the scene with mellow light.  
The picture one of peace and rest,  
By sweet, nocturnal sleep all blest;  
Above, God's ever watchful eye,  
As resting, all forgetful lie.

---

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

O, the old familiar faces,  
How few of them are left!  
Just here and there one of them seen,  
Of which not yet bereft.  
From time to time, they from our sight  
Have disappeared from view,  
Until the many which once were,  
Have now become so few.  
  
Thousands the busy highways crowd,  
They rush along the street—  
The middle-aged, the young and fair—  
But few old friends we meet.  
Down, down the course of rushing time,  
We all are borne along,  
And soon last old familiar face  
Will have vanished from the throng.

We feel so lonely every day,  
From morning until night;  
So many friends we no more meet,  
With smiles their faces bright.  
We think of them no longer here,  
No more again to meet;  
Grief's usurped the place of joy,  
To bitter turned the sweet.

But comes the thought, we hope, have faith,  
We look through tear-dimmed eyes;  
Will see again each one's dear face,  
Somewhere in far off skies.  
Somewhere, sometime, those passed from view,  
Each dear, familiar face,  
We each and all shall see again,  
There meet in fond embrace.

---

### ETERNITY

Eternity, what means the word?  
Who has its definition heard?  
We say it's everlasting time;  
Long years in never ending line;  
A voyage o'er sea without a shore,  
Through time that lasts forever more;  
Moments that now and ever run;

Seconds that now and ever come;  
Minute which always minute leads;  
Day which always a day succeeds;  
A flow of ages flowing on,  
A new one come when one is gone.  
You count on all the shores the sand,  
Let each grain for an æon stand,  
And then you add to all of these,  
The leaves which grow upon the trees,  
Then to this number, now so great,  
The water of all oceans take—  
The drops, which make these oceans up—  
Now place to column, then add up.  
To number which you thus obtain,  
Add blades of grass on every plain,  
And then the flakes of Winter's snow  
To swell the number, place below.  
The atoms of the earth then add  
To number which before you had,  
Then rays of light of stars and sun,  
And when you have this adding done,  
Let every unit in amount  
Stand for centuries in the count;  
When these centuries shall have run,  
Eternity, then, just begun;  
After as many millions more,  
Then Eternity still before.

## AT MORTON'S MONUMENT

Morton, we knew in scenes of greatest strife,  
When, in the balance hung our Nation's life.  
A Nestor, he, among the greatest men—  
Greatest of statesmen, with the keenest ken.  
Leader of leaders, an Ajax was he,  
Where'er our foe, there his strong arm would be.  
In camp, in battle, on both land and sea,  
His spirit there to cheer on to victory.  
Our Nation's champion, her brave soldiers' friend,  
Where'er our Flag, there Morton to defend—  
His loyal spirit seemed the winds to ride,  
With every Union soldier to be beside.  
His courage no defeat or failure knew,  
Convictions to success he carried through.  
Filthy lucre abhorrent in his sight,  
The wealth of Cræsus could not swerve from right.  
The Nation's battles fought, this loyal son  
Welcomed the soldiers, from their victories won;  
He welcomed back from war the true and brave,  
Who, all had sacrificed our Flag to save.  
Shouts of warriors, still ring in the ear,  
As legion after legion gathered here,

---



Where Morton, and people, with open arms,  
Received them back again from war's alarms.  
This Nation lives the greatest of the great,  
All States in Union kept inviolate,  
And though this statue fall and crumble may,  
And be forgotten many who great today,  
Still, bright and shining will be Morton's name  
Among those in the galaxy of fame.

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### A DREAM OF PARADISE

Dreaming, dreaming the night throughout,  
In land of Nod, the earth shut out;  
Before my eyes, while closed in sleep,  
There stood before, in blue vault deep,  
A city great, on plain spread out,  
Peopled with Saints, its realms about.  
Boundless in space it did extend,  
Without beginning, and no end.  
No brush could paint its beauties grand  
Nor words describe this "Beulah Land."  
Where'er the eye was turned in sight,  
A world in blaze of glory bright;  
No clouds, no darkness, there no night—  
Effulgent rays, eternal light.  
From sin and pain all were immune,  
A song of joy, eternal tune.

Friends, meeting friends, were greeting there,  
From far off worlds, from everywhere,  
No more to part, no more to sigh,  
In world of sin to live and die.  
All broken ties of kinship were  
Welded again in meeting there.  
No rich or poor, no small or great—  
All on same plain of blissful state;  
Without regard to race or birth,  
All Saints alike, who once of earth.  
Harmonious throng, no discord there,  
As when on earth, they dwellers were.  
Ecstatic bliss the state of all,  
Each pure as Eve before her fall.  
On every hand the verdant green,  
Flowers bedecked the lovely scene,  
Aromatic, perfumed air,  
Sweetness prevailing everywhere.  
Balmy the air, without a chill,  
Wishes of each, each one's sweet will.  
Eternal peace, no cruel war,  
All nations there without a jar.  
Every wish a joy supplied,  
All in harmony unified,  
On progressing, on forever,  
Throughout æons ending never.  
United all with one accord,  
Forever praising Christ our Lord—

There on the right of Maker's Throne,  
Where God's eternal glory shone,  
Interceding for sinners all,  
For everyone since Adam's fall.  
Though dream this was we hope and pray,  
There comes the time—eternal day!—  
When in the realms of bliss and rest,  
Dwellers of Earth will all be blest.

---

## THE SUPPLICATION

O! God of all creation vast,  
Of this and worlds above:  
Thou hast a knowledge of the past,  
And Thou, O God, art Love.

We come to Thee, as child would come  
To parent on the knee;  
Thou knowest all that we have done  
Without our telling Thee.

We've sinned in thought, deed and word,  
A thousand times—yea, more!  
Thou hast not oft our prayers heard,  
Thy help Divine implore.

In worldly thoughts and things done here,  
No thought of Thee therein,  
Thus, Thee often failed to fear,  
And thereby been in sin.

The sinful deeds that we have done,  
Our thoughts and words impure,  
O God, through Blood of Thy dear Son,  
From all these make us pure.

For things neglected and undone,  
Our duty was to do,  
O God, for sake of Thy dear Son,  
We ask forgiveness too.

In His dear name, and for His sake,  
Our sins of every day,  
We bring to Thee, petition make,  
For Thy forgiveness pray.

We pray Thee guide us now aright,  
In future, still to come,  
And save us in Thy Kingdom bright,  
For sake of Thy dear Son.

THE END.



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